PICTORIAL
LADIES' WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Improper Phraseology.

Improper phraseology, or usually termed slang. Girls! don't use it, don't be guilty of illiterate cant.

The ability of using pure language is granted us, and why should it not be cultivated. In the present age there are few who speak purely, few whose mode of expression is without this disgusting vulgarism so unbecoming to our girls of today.

* * * * * *

Winnie was entertaining Mr.—— one evening. When the time arrived for his departure Winnie extended her hand to bid him good night, asking him to come again; to his reply, and a question he asked she answered——"Oh! I'm not in it."—True enough it has been a long time since Mr.—— returned, for he has not been there to my knowledge since that evening. Why? because, a girl who cannot talk without frequently using vulgar phraseology of the day is not reliable, and what our men seek as companions are girls who are exempt from this imperfection.

Men will hear enough of this on the street, in the restaurant, in the horse-car, at the theatre, the opera, the concert-hall and elsewhere. Does it not stand to reason they will search out some place of refuge from this impurity, and where will they find it?

Girls! they must find it in us.

If we only knew what harm we are doing the cognizance of it would at once cause this improper mode of expression to be corrected.

Consider a moment before speaking and in a very short time you will find that you have not only broken yourself of this indiscretion, but that the person to whom you are speaking will be an attentive listener instead of an impatient one, anxious and eager that the conversation should end.

A girl may be intelligent, may have wealth, beauty; may have what she would desire for herself and her friends; but these advantages cannot compensate for any deficiency of refinement.

No matter what position you may hold in life you will always command respect if your manner is such as to warrant this; you cannot do so if you maintain no higher altitude in the scale of society than the waif of the streets.

Surely girls you would not desire to be thought lightly or little of, but that will be your experience if something is not accomplished and speedily, to purify the language of every day. And yet the discrepancy is found equally in the cottage and the castle.

Cross the ocean to the British Isles but do not "horrify" our English sisters nor give them a bad opinion of Canadians by using unpleasant phrases.

They shun the idea of coming in contact with girls who use improper and vulgar idioms.

It is a well known fact, that our English friends pride themselves in the purity of their speech, and such an offence as I have mentioned is not to be forgiven nor should it be.

We would not forgive our medical attendant should he mix poison with our medicine. We would consider our banker guilty who paid us in counterfeit money; and the girl who uses slang is as culpable as these.

Then remember the words of Locke who tells us that "Ill patterns are sure to be followed more than good rules."

Then again we quote Pope who says:

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of modesty is want of sense"

HAZEL KIRK.

DINNER GOWN.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

A Noble Example.

The following anecdote is related of Lady Stanley, the wife of the Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey. There is a hospital in London near the famous Abbey of Westminister. Lady Stanley was in the habit of spending a great deal of time in this hospital talking with the sick and suffering people there, and trying to cheer and comfort them. Among these was a poor woman suffering from a dangerous and painful disease. Lady Stanley's words had been a great comfort to her on her bed. The doctors said that her life could only be saved by undergoing a painful operation. They told her she would certainly die if the operation were not performed. "I think I could bear it," she said, "if Lady Stanley could be with me while it was being done."

Lady Stanley was sent for. When the messenger arrived at her house we found her dressed in the splendid robes which ladies wear when about to attend upon Queen Victoria. She had been thus summoned, and was just about to depart for the Queen's Palace, when she received the message from the hospital. There was no time to change her dress, so she threw a cloak over her apparel, and hastened to the hospital. She spoke some encouraging words to the poor woman, and stood by her side until the operation had been performed, and the poor suffering patient had been made comfortable. Then the noble lady hastened to the palace, where the Queen praised her highly for what she had done, and would listen to no apologies for the delay.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Dinner Gown.

The skirt has clinging front breadths of green velvet stamped with a design of four-leaved clover. The graceful train, with sloped seam in the middle, is of old-rose satin trimmed on the side with jet passementerie. The corsage of frappe velvet has front basques of the rose satin with soft revers of lace curving from bust to shoulders, and edged below with jet beads and fringe. A short sash of most stylish model is of dark green matching the velvet. The neck is cut down in a low point and has a Medici collar lined with cream lace. The rose satin sleeves have creves at the top lined with the figured green velvet.

Miss Mary Schiller, whom the World's Fair Committee will send as a commissioner to South America, is a grandniece of the German author bearing that name, and was for five years a school teacher in Pittsburg. At the end of that time she had saved sufficient money to go abroad and to remain there for three years, which she devoted to perfecting herself in the modern languages and in the study of art and architecture. On her return to this country Miss Schiller went to Washington to teach German and Latin in the schools and English in the South American legations, Columbia, Peru and Venzuela. The determined little teacher seized the opportunity not only to perfect herself in the Spanish tongue, but to acquire a thorough knowledge of the literature of South America.

THE

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An extra charge will be made for boxing and packing charges on all prizes and premiums given by us.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Letter Writing.

After a hundred years during which her fame has paled and grown bright again, Lady Mary Wortley Montague is again to the front. Irrepressible to the last, she is now cropping up in the volume of her letters which is being published.

Letter writing has been so rare an accomplishment by any women but those delightful old dames of the French Salons that we eagerly anticipate the enjoyment these letters will probably bring. Everyone knows of the famous letters of the women of the Salons, who "were not trying to make a career for themselves; they thought little, in many cases not at all, of the public; they wrote letters to their lovers and friends, memoirs of their every-day lives, romances in which they gave portraits of their familiar acquaintances, and described the tragedy or comedy which was going on before their eyes. Always refined and graceful, often witty, sometimes judicious, they wrote what they saw, thought and felt in their habitual language, without proposing any model to themselves, . . . their writings were but a charming accident of their more charming lives, like the petals which the wind shakes from the rose in its bloom." Ah, that was letter writing! One would be tempted to wish that the days of the French Salons were back did not that time involve a by no means model social era. Now-a-days whether by reason of telegraphs or telephones, of hurry and a fast rate of living, of the multiplicity of newspapers and books, people have no time to read or write letters. It is such a great great pity. In a letter the writer is at his very best. I know a woman writer whose writings are fairly good, but whose letters are so clever, witty, bright, original, loving and sympathetic that her published work cannot compare with them for an instant. In a letter to some dear friend, she like the French women of old, writes such clever impressions of people and events that it is a red-letter day when her epistles arrive. The reason is obvious. In writing a letter she knew to whom she was writing and was sure of a sympathetic audience. Everyone recognizes the fact that one can write and talk to some people better than to others. There are those rare listeners and correspondents whose keen sympathy and congeniality inspires and one does one's best. There are others quite as kindly, quite as well-meaning and perhaps of greater ability, who for lack of that indefinable something which creates attraction, are about as inspiring as a brick-wall.

Now this princess of letter writers, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whose lively physiognomy looks out of this new volume as "peart" as possible, is best known for her brilliant epistolary performances. She was a earl's daughter, physically pampered and petted yet intellectually neglected and triumphed by eminent talent, over the obstacles put in her way. She grew up a piquant, beautiful girl, who, when the opportunity came, eloped with Mr. Wortley Montague, rather than marry the rich dunderhead selected by her father. As every one knows Pope fell at her feet and addressed her in brilliant verse; and then their famous quarrel ensued when the bitter verses of Pope appeared. Horace Walpole flirted with and then alas! flouted her. The sombre portrait of Dean Swift glowers out of one corner of her correspondence, and she indulges in bitter raillery over his conduct towards herself. Bishop Burnet was her teacher. She despises—and eagerly reads—Richardson, "sobbing over his works in a most scandalous manner." Of Bolingbroke she knew the philosophy rather than the man, and she liked neither. Dr. Johnson she censures for treading the beaten tracks and giving the misnomer *Rambler* to his ramblings. She liked Smollett, "who disgraced his talent by writing those stupid romances commonly called history." She says that a venison pasty or a flask of champagne made delightful Henry Fielding forget everything—even himself; for after the death of his wife he married her cook-maid. Tom Jones and Mr. Booth are, in this vivacious critic's opinion, both sorry scoundrels, and Fielding himself was to be pitied on entering life with no choice but, as he said himself, "to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman." She thanked God because she loved novels and novel-reading, and revelled in what her daughter called "trash." And all this told in letters!

In Turkey, when her husband was ambassador there, she penetrated into the veiled life of the harem, and from Turkey dates her chief exploit—the introduction of the Turkish method of inoculation for small-pox into Europe. She was unwearied in her efforts to educate her grandchildren, and had many wise thoughts on the training of women. From her old Italian palace at Lovere she sends sparkling letters home, which have never been surpassed for point. At length she dies (a hundred and thirty years ago), in a little house in Hanover Square, leaving behind a reputation for vigorous and entrancing conversation, beauty and beautiful eyes (disfigured by loss of the eye-lashes in small-pox), eccentricity, and a wit like nitric acid. As one can imagine such letters as these are more than entertaining. She knew everybody and went everywhere and luckily for posterity wrote down most of the things she knew about people. Nobody approved of her and yet they could not keep away from her.

But to get back to letter writing. Is there no way of reviving this ancient and lost art?

Visitors to the Sanctum.

The Editor is in the country. The sanctum is desolate and as Moosey and the other poodle accompany her, silence reigns in the gloom. The Editor is where the snow-drifts cover the fences, and bank up a wall on either side of the road. The landscape is dazzling whiteness and the sky so pale that it meets the frozen snow-covered bay, no one can tell where. Snow, snow, piles and drifts, and dead levels of it everywhere. I look out of the window and my eyes are blinded with the long stretches of massed whiteness. A very high board fence stands somewhat out of the surrounding drifts and to it is clinging a snow-clad grape-vine, a lace-covering over a black silk gown. Leafless, the bare trees stand erect making a net-work of the sky. The roofs of distant cottages are thatched with a snowy covering and white masses cling to every ledge. The dogs are scampering and taking it out of the house-dogs. Great icicles are pendant from everywhere and youngsters are skating on the creek using a broom as they go. The pedestrians are flaked with the falling snow and a soft wind is blowing little feathery bits off the drifts.

And then inside. I am away from all the stagnating effects of a city life. Away from the region of gas and steam-heated houses, away from four mails a day, away from the afternoon tea, away from engagements and appointments and all other business and social duties that make life not worth living; away from the rush and scamper, away from late hours and hurried lunches, away from the jingle of street-cars and muddy streets. But more, I am where there are blazing open fires and soft lamps, where letters can reach me only once a day, where I need never hurry to get any where at any time, where the dogs have space enough to turn around in, where no noise disturbs and where dear and loving hearts devise each hour some new comfort, some added peace. Where there is quiet delightful talk about books and writers. Where there is Mendelsohn in the twilight, and I can watch the pure sweet face of the player. Where one gets one's teacup from the hand of the most tender and sympathetic of mistresses, whom the daughters of the house call "Mother." Where one can be embedded in rugs and cushions before the bright fire and share one's slices—home-made bread!—with the dogs and drive the puppy mad by holding the tea-cup just out of his snapping reach. Where a winsome little maiden wants a fairy-tale accompaniment to the soft music, a sweet romance in the simple story she tells. In every girlish heart a chord is touched and a look of tender retrospect is on every girlish face, the speaker's voice is soft and pleading and when she reaches the pathetic end "and the beautiful princess was shut up in the tower and mourned and mourned forever and the noble prince rode away heart-broken," there were tears in several pairs of bright eyes. The roar of a busy world without becomes softened to a hum when the master of the house comes into the firelight at evening with the daily papers. Where the "news of the day" is leisurely commented on at the dinner-table—how different that from the mad rush at breakfast and news together? And after the gay little dinner-talk and bright loving home gossip, there is the evening and snow-shoeing.

Ring after ring at the door-bell, peal after peal of laughter, girl's voices and bass accompaniments, the soft tread of moccasins, the clacking of snow-shoes, greetings and messages, and the snow-shoe party has arrived. Upstairs the house-party are getting ready. The Editor is among them, very much so. Considering five girls are dressing in one room, any feminine reader can imagine the result. Wild shrieks of laughter attendant on the extent and variety of some of the costumes, filled the air with music. More than one girl was asked if she put on all she owned when she went snow-shoeing. Short skirts may not be graceful, but go snow-shoeing in long and you'll wish the days of your childhood back again. We all thought our own costumes were unique. Most of them were. ——But that tramp! Miles and miles of unbroken fields and a calm starlit night, plenty of beginners, who made so much fun of themselves, that there was little left for the rest to poke at them, plenty of good-natured tumbles, plenty of laughter, no accidents, nobody crazy enough to talk seriously, plenty of beautiful nothings—sayings I mean—but you all know what a snow-shoe tramp is. You all can follow us into the house where coffee awaited us, and all can follow each pair of people safely home—you all know youths and maidens far better than a staid and responsible editor can ever tell you.

What delightful experiences for one gifted with a sense of humor—and the woman who is not is fit for 'treason's stratagems and spoils'—to meet the old family servant. You all know her and him. But you don't all know Margaret. Margaret as you will infer from her name is not Italian. But she's not from the north of Scotland either. She has lived with the family many years while the English gardener has seen one generation grow up and depart and another take its place. You would fancy that during three years they would at least have conquered the initial difficulty of learning each other's names. You would be mistaken. He always speaks of her and to her as Elizabeth and she refers to him in such specific terms as "the mon." Once in a while every six months. Once in a while, every six months or so, Margaret blazes out in a rage and says "I'll no be callt out o' my name ony more. My name's Margaret, no Elizabeth." However, long before John has occasion to address her again she is Elizabeth once more in his mind. Margaret is very economical, so much so that there are frequent protests in the family circle. On one occasion the mistress and daughters of the house were out three nights in succession for dinner. Margaret seized the opportunity to reduce the expenditure. The lord and master who was dining alone was naturally the sufferer. On the third night a much aggrieved man rehearsed for the benefit of the family, the bill of fare as it had been presented to him. As each item and the scrumpiness thereof was mentioned ending up with, "and an impossible tart," the family I regret to say one and all went into convulsions of laughter. It was more than funny. But besides regulating the expenses of the household, Margaret rules it with a rod of iron. Another time, one of the daughters, who is not easy to intimidate, came in to breakfast and became enraged at seeing that Margaret's economic turn of mind had taken away the loaf and left a couple of slices only on a plate. Throwing a slice to each dog she rang for more bread. Margaret came in, took in the situation at a glance and asked threateningly:

"Din ye want it for yoursel' or for the dogs?"

She said meekly, "For myself."

Then Margaret went for the bread and the daughter said indignantly—but not until the door had safely closed on Margaret.

"What business is it of hers what I want it for?"

It is not necessary to say that the rest of the family gloated over her discomfiture. Long acquaintanceship with the methods and extent of Margaret's tyranny never made them less amused by it. They rather gloried in their subjection just as the strong man is shamefacedly proud of the dominion of his child.

Margaret is very religious. She rarely goes to church. She is afraid she will catch cold. But she is a strict sabbatharian. Once a little cousin on a visit felt it her duty to entertain Margaret who might otherwise be lonely. So one Sunday she went out to read to her out of one of her own story books. Margaret gazed at the volume suspiciously but composed herself to listen. After the first few sentences with a sudden flounce she said severely.

"You'll no be readin' sich books as yon to me on the Sabbath!" and despatched poor Rosebud back to the drawing-room in double-quick time.

Is it because people in the country live more gregariously that one hears more of the tragedies and joys of everyday existence? In the city one doesn't hear much of personal troubles. People are less unselfishly interested in each other. There is so much more of outside matter to form the shape of conversation. But where there are smaller communities one lives nearer the hearts of one's neighbors. Their sorrows affect one as a matter in which each has an interest. The most commonplace of lives has in it elements of tragedy so dire that it would seem as if man must stand aghast that the world must contain such suffering. Here is a woman whose daughter hopelessly frivolous breaks her sober mother's heart. Here a struggling man whose higher life is hindered in every way by a narrow-minded house-centered wife. Here a wife whose generous impulses are stifled at every turn by a parsimonious spouse. Here a son who is a feeble reed to a sturdy father. Here a shuffling father who is a heart-break to his honest children. Here a miser, here a selfish hulk, here a slattern, here a mischief-maker, here a domestic tyrant—are not each sufficient to wreck a hope's happiness? to crush joy out of all recognition? And the neighbors know of the failings and wrecked hopes and daily struggles and weak yieldings and also of the quarrels. There is nothing hid and life is lived out to its fullest. Heart is laid here before heart and in the presence of these awful sorrows—which are just the common everyday affairs of life—one is immeasurably saddened. The careless superficial acquaintance one has in big cities with hundreds of people prevents this intimate acquaintance with people's joys and sorrows. We know little of what is behind the screens in the houses where the hostess is agreeable and the dinners grand. We are pleasant companions or not, and we meet, touch hands and part. The drama of our lives is passed in other places and among other people. We know nothing of the heart-burnings, of the struggles, of the anxious preparation and over-sight, behind the scenes. We don't know the real lives of those whom we meet perhaps often. Nor would we wish to do so. There is plenty of sorrow in life without going to seek it, is our selfish philosophy. That is often why the city-bred woman is less sympathetic and more

brightly careless. She knows nothing of her next door neighbor. She may be the most unhappy woman on earth and may be taking part in a life-tragedy sufficient to darken the brightest existence. But in the next home all is sunshine, and not even a shadow is cast across the threshold. How could there be? The mistress of the house knows nothing whatever of the despair on one side of her, and the martyrdom on the other.

But in the country, woman is seldom unaffectedly happy and gay. She is—if loving or sympathetic and it is of such I am speaking—daily, hourly closely in contact with the troubles, the sickness, the excitements, the blisses, of a dozen or more families. Can you wonder that her eyes are filled with tears for other's woes? That her heart is saddened or gladdened with their sufferings or joys? She knows where there is food and clothing needed, and where the more precious boon of sympathy will be welcome. She carries the burdens of half the women in the town and is it strange that life seems much too sad a thing to her, that she should be light-hearted?

Human sympathy is awakened and human pity and human love over-master the heart when one goes in and out among the poor, there is so much in every one's life which is poor, so many people mentally starved and suffering that it does not seem as if there were any really happy people anywhere. Certainly there is much more chance for selfish happiness in the city than in the country.

Margt. Robertson

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

The following charming bit of *vers de societe* is taken from the new volume of poems entitled, "Potiphar's Wife," by Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "The Light of Asia," and "The Light of the World," etc. It reminds one of Belzoni's "Address to an Egyptian Mumney," from The Rejected Addresses of Horace and James Smith, though the present poem is more full of delightful conceit.
(ED. LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.)

To A Pair of Egyptian Slippers.

Tiny slippers of gold and green,
Tied with a mouldering golden cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
When Caesar Augustus was Egypt's lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were!
Not many girls could dance in these!
When did your shoemaker make you, dear,
Such a nice pair of Egyptian "Threes?"
Where were you measured? In Sais, or On,
Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium?
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb
I seem to see you!—So long ago,
Twenty-one centuries, less or more!
And here are your sandals; yet none of us know
What name, or fortune, or face you bore.

Your lips would have laughed, with a rosy scorn,
If the merchant, or slave-girl, had mockingly said,
"The feet will pass, but the shoes they have worn
Two thousand years onward Time's road shall tread,
And still be footgear as good as new!"
To think that calf-skin, gilded and stitched,
Should Rome and the Pharaohs outlive—and you
Be gone, like a dream, from the world you bewitched?
Not that we mourn you! 'Twere too absurd!
You have been such a very long while away!
Your dry spiced dust would not value one word
Of the soft regrets that my verse could say.
Sorrow and pleasure, and Love and Hate,
If you ever felt them, have vapourized hence
To this odour—so subtle and delicate—
Of myrrh, and cassia, and frankincense.

Of course they embalmed you! Yet not so sweet
Were aloes and nard, as the youthful glow
Which Amenti stole when the small dark feet
Wearied of treading our world below,
Look! it was flood-time in valley of Nile,
Or a very wet day in the Delta, dear!
When your slippers tripped lightly their latest mile—
The mud on the soles renders that fact clear.
You knew Cleopatra, no doubt! You saw
Antony's galleys from Actium come.
But there! if questions could answers draw
From life so many a long age dumb,
I would not tease you with history,
Nor vex your heart for the men which were;
The one point to learn that would fascinate me
Is, where and what are you to-day, my dear?

You died, believing in Horus and Pasht,
Isis, Osiris, and priestly love;
And found, of course, such theories smashed
By actual fact on the heavenly shore.
What next did you do? Did you transmigrate?
Have we seen you since, all modern and fresh?
Your charming soul—so I calculate—
Mislaid its mummy, and sought new flesh.
Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
Who still of this find in the Fayoum would speak,
And to Pharaohs and scarabs still carry us back?
A scent of lotus about her hung,
And she had such a far-away wistful air
As of somebody born when the earth was young;
And she wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair.

Perchance you were married? These might have been
Part of your trousseau—the wedding-shoes;
And you laid them aside with the garments green,
And painted clay Gods which a bride would use;
And may be to-day, by Nile's bright waters
Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—
Great-great-great-very great-grand daughters
Owe their shapely insteps to you!
But vainly I beat at the bars of the past,
Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
When loves, and delightings, and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten—No! not quite that!
I catch some gleam of the grace you wore
When you finished with life's daily pit-a-pat,
And left your shoes at death's bedroom door.

You were born in the Egypt which did not doubt;
You were never sad with our new-fashioned sorrows:
You were sure, when your play-days on earth ran out,
Of play-times to come, as we of our morrows!
Oh, wise little maid of the Delta! I lay
Your shoes in your mummy-chest back again,
And wish that one game we might merrily play
At "Hunt the slipper"—to see it all plain!

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, March 19 1891.

London is gradually waking up to life once more; we have had a few smart weddings, At Homes and dances, and are now on the whole looking forward to a brighter season than we expected some weeks since. Both privately and by public command Her majesty has given it to be understood that it is her wish, as well as that of all members of the Royal Family, that the deep sorrow which has fallen upon them shall in no way further be allowed to affect the doings of Society; and it is with this view and also to further the interests of trade that the Queen has decided to hold two drawing rooms in May on her return from the continent. The Duchess of Edinburgh will undertake those duties which usually fall to the lot of the Princess of Wales. Princess May is reported to be much better for her change at Osborne, the Queen has been all kindness and sympathy, and has done everything in her power to cheer and enliven the poor girl. I am glad that the "Teck family" went abroad at once, thus Princess May was spared the pain of spending the day which was to have been her wedding day, Feb. 27th, in England. I have been reading a charming little article in one of our ladies' papers about the "Home Life at the White Lodge," the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck; would more of our English girls were like Princess May and more mothers like the Duchess of Teck. There is still a considerable amount of indecision regarding the best way of using the money subscribed for wedding presents to Prince Albert Victor, in my part of the world, Kensington. I believe it is almost decided that the money subscribed by the residents shall be spent on a replica of the portrait of Prince Albert Victor by Professor Herkomer, which is to be presented to Princess May.

It is not generally known that "Prince Eddie" possessed considerable talent as a sculptor, or rather designer for sculpture, thus inheriting the artistic talent of the Royal Family.

The Queen shows much talent as a painter, as do also the Empress Frederick and Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise's work both in painting and sculpture are, I am sure, as well known in Canada as in England. The Prince and Princess of Wales and family are still at Eastbourne. I hear the Queen has offered them the Royal yacht for a lengthened cruise to the Mediterranean; whether the offer is accepted or not, they will make a long stay on the continent this spring. It is rumoured that the Prince of Wales intends to give up his racing stud. I don't suppose any puritanical motive is the cause of this decision, but whatever the motive, the news will be gratifying to many who realize the dangers, evils and temptations which attend the racecourse, and we must all agree that there is no surer way of stamping out any social custom than to make it unfashionable. There are always so many people who must follow where royalty leads, that we hope this intention of the Prince if adhered to may be the cause of the sport of horse-racing losing some of its attractiveness. Talking of horse-racing has reminded me of the dreadful case which is now creating a good deal of excitment in our part of the world. I allude to the case of Mrs. Montagu who has been committed for trial at Londonderry on the charge of causing the death of her little daughter of three years old. As a punishment for some baby fault, this unnatural mother put the child in a dark wardrobe room tied her hands behind her with a stocking, and fastened the stocking with a piece of string to a ring in the wall, she then locked the door and went out for some hours carrying the key in her pocket; when she went to let the poor little creature out she found her dead; it is supposed the cause of death was asphyxia. It is not horrible? You will wonder how horse-racing could remind me of this; it is merely because this Mrs. Montagu is said to be the most intrepid horsewoman in Ireland, hence the connection in my mind. I have a strong prejudice against women who hunt. In my opinion they can never possess the gentleness, tender-heartedness and sensitiveness so invariably associated with the name of woman, and I can never imagine such women becoming true mothers. Certainly this Mrs. Montague is much more fit to train horses than children; although in saying this I do not wish anyone to run away with the idea that I advocate cruelty to animals in any form. From the accounts I read in to-day's papers I am almost inclined to think that Mrs. Montague cannot be quite in her right mind, for she is now also charged with cruelties to three of her young sons. We often shudder at accounts of the cruelties practised on children belonging to the lowest classes, but I think this is the first case I remember against an educated woman, and a lady moving in the highest society. I should like exceedingly to know what sort of man Mr. Montague can be, surely he could not have countenanced such treatment of his children.

With the laudable intention of giving a stimulus to the terribly depressed state of affairs in London and England generally, Society will this spring largely patronize English silk and woolen dress materials, and many are the lovely new shades in grey and violet which have already been produced by our leading manufacturers; by the way, these colors will predominate for all articles of dress this season. Princess gowns are becoming very popular here, and very pretty and stylish they are too, when worn by the right people. But what a mistake it is that women all over the world will often so carefully and unreasonably follow the prevailing fashion, without the least thought as to whether the fashion in question is suited to their own particular style. Imagine a woman, short, of ample proportions and wide waist, attired in a princess gown. I am becoming accustomed to the sac jackets now, but I cannot say I like them; they have somewhat of an untidy appearance and should certainly only be worn by the fortunate possessors of tall, thin figures. The capes are to be much shorter this spring only a few inches below the waist and in shape almost like the old circular Wellingtons. They have turn down collars, and some I have seen are made with two or more capes and small, straight collars; we are tired of the high, medici collars now, and think them somewhat vulgar, fickle Fashion! That old favorite, feather trimming, is again very much to the fore, especially for evening gowns. And this reminds me to speak a few words in favor of our excellent Society for the Protection of Birds. Its members pledge themselves "to refrain from wearing the feathers of any bird not killed for the purposes of food, the ostrich only excepted." The Society is doing a good work and I hope some of its little pamphlets may find their way into many lands, for surely it must be ignorance which makes women wilfully encourage cruelty to birds. In one of these pamphlets a plea is made for humming birds. Who would think of wearing the plumage of one of these lovely little creatures, did they know how they are actually tortured to death. I read how they are skinned alive, Oh! the pity of it—that the plumage may lose none of its wonderful brilliancy, and this in the mating season too! I am sure the secretary of the Society, Miss Poland, 29 Warwick R'd, Maida Hill, London, would be very delighted to receive the names of new members from over the sea. The Duchess of Portland is one of the patronesses of the Society.

You remember Oscar Wilde of æsthetic fame? There is a great talk just now about a new play of his "Lady Windemere's Fan." Opinions vary as to the merits of the piece, but there is no question as to the author's cleverness and originality. The play is entirely Oscar Wilde. The plot is interesting but untrue to life; the dialogue saves the piece, for it is brilliant to a degree, everyone talks cleverly and there are many sentences which I found worth remembering and thinking over, as for example: "We all live in the gutter, but some of us look up to the stars." From a dramatic point of view, the play is not a good one, but it will be the fashion, because its author is. I am looking forward to seeing Henry VIII at the Lyceum; up to the present, something has always happened to prevent my going when I had arranged to do so. Mr. Irving knows better than any other manager how to mount a piece and this time he has quite surpassed himself.

You will be sorry to hear that the Baroness Burdett Coutts has been seriously ill lately from the effects of a severe chill. Considering her advanced age, she is 78, her friends were extremely anxious on her account, she is progressing favorably now and will shortly go abroad. Our illustrated papers this week contain many pictures of General Booth's return to England; quite an exciting time the "Salvation Army has had, but I fancy all this fuss about the General's arrival may tend to alienate the sympathy he aroused by his "Darkest England" scheme. Of course these processions and demonstrations are the means, or rather advertisements, by which the "Army" lives, yet thinking people must see that a great proportion of the money subscribed for the General's scheme is sunk in these processions, etc., and never reach those for whom it was intended.

I was much amused the other day by an article in one of our weeklies on the different occupations followed by women; amongst others I noticed the account of an American woman who has started in business as a fashionable undertaker. But I think the most extraordinary idea of gaining a livelihood is that of a Parisian woman. She calls herself a "dinner taster," and goes to different houses to taste the dishes intended for dinner. She suggests improvements and gives the cook new recipes. She has already many patrons and finds the occupation sufficiently remunerative. I wonder how long it will be ere we shall have "Dinner tasters" in England. Another occupation conceived by an American woman and out of which she makes a comfortable living is the preparation of a pudding. She supplies it to order, but does not betray the secret of the making, and this pudding is so excellent that she does a large trade.

I am sending this week an extract from a local paper which may prove useful as well as interesting to intending brides.

BRIDAL FANCIES.

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirit will sink.

Was anyone ever married in black? I wonder.

ANNIE VAUGHAN.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

The Auction.

A youth came into the market-space,
Where throngs the world to sell and buy,
And fixed the press with his bright eye,
And cried, while young blood flushed his face.

"A life for sale! Come, who will buy?
I sell this life for what it brings!
Then offer of thy precious things,
O, world! a whole young life! bid high!

"I must have power, wealth and fame
And love; but for these four I give
Each brain and heart-pulse which I live.
Nor other things of self I claim.

"What, yet no bids? My life is strong,
My heart's pure, my brain is clear—
Ah, world! 'Tis for no glut I fear,
If such as these sell for a song.

"Come, then—I offer you the same
At small price; wealth need I not
If power, fame and love begot,
No other things for me I claim."

And while the youth stood there and sought
To sell his life, the world went by;
And deeper glowed his eager eye
And on his brow came lines of thought.

"Ah, well—if, on this present earth,
I cannot work my little will!
Let power go. For others still,
When I am dead, shall know my worth.

"And fame shall lead to power. So,
A life no longer young, but strong,
Is going, going for a song—
Come, world, and make your bid! What, no?"

He spoke, and then with softer eye,
And calmer voice, and kinder mood,
He grew a man, as there he stood;
But ever went the world him by.

"Look, then—I bate the price again;
Let fame go with the rest—'tis but
The applause of them we value not
Which lets us show them our disdain.

"A life for sale! A man's! The same
In strength and use, if older now—
Come bid, great world! To thee I bow
And ask but love—'tis all I claim.

"Oh, dear, dread world, give me but love
And take my life most freely sold."
He ceased. The world's great wheels still rolled
In silence on their iron groove.

When next he spoke, his hair was gray,
"I sell this life for what it brings,
I ask not of thy precious things.
Give me but rest—'tis all I pray."

But still the careless world went by—
The while his gray beard on his breast,
He offered now his life for rest,
And still stood there and did not die.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

The Forgotten Castle of St. Philip Alencon.

By Inez Dean.

(*Continued From Last Week.*)

THE main structure, three stories in height was of stone, and at each end rose towers, pierced with loop-holes. In the centre of the front an arched gateway opened into the inner court. This had formerly been closed by a heavy iron gate, which now lay covered with rust on the ground beside the outer walls. Entering this opening, they came into a closer view of the crumbling buildings, one of which, a little better than the rest, seemed to be inhabited. Carl went to a door and knocked. A middle-aged woman appeared, and upon his asking if they might look over the castle, replied:

"Oh, oui, Monsieur; I will like much ze plaisir to show you;" and taking down a huge bunch of keys, she led the way towards a large door opposite the great gate.

They followed her, and when the portal was reached and the huge door swung open, they were ushered into a spacious hall, which they were told, had once been the audience room of the castle. Nothing now remained in it but an antiquated carved settle. Near one end, a wide, rough-stone stair-case led to the floor above, and up this they went.

First they entered a spacious room, the grand salon. This was lighted by eight deep and high windows. The furnishing had evidently once been very handsome, but now only a few battered pieces of furniture and scraps of torn tapestries remained of its former splendors. In the centre stood an immense table of carved oak, and on the walls hung several pairs of stag-horns, with here and there what remained of gilt-framed oil-paintings, now cut to pieces and unrecognizable.

From this room opened the picture gallery, a long hall, now destitute of pictures. Light entered by large deep windows, with lozenge-shaped panes of glass.

Crossing a wide corridor opening from the last named room, they ascended a flight of stairs and found themselves in one of the towers. They discovered but two rooms here. One of them, the larger, they entered. Had a whirl-wind passed through it, it could not have looked more completely a wreck. Chairs, tables, settees, —everything, was turned topsy-turvey or broken in pieces. This had originally been a "pink room," as the shreds and faded curtains and tapestries showed. Pushing aside part of a curtain that remained at one of the windows, Edith and Carl were charmed by the beautiful view that lay beneath them. First the terrace and lawn, then a woodland, next the village, and last of all the glistening sea, with the sails of its many crafts gleaming in the rays of the afternoon sun,—truly a picture drawn in nature's loveliest colors. Turning at last to the aged dame, Edith asked:

"Whose room was this?

"Ah, Madomoiselle," she answered, "it waszе Countess Elise's, poor thing."

"Oh, do tell us about her," cried Edith, her love of the romantic having already been excited to the utmost by what she had seen of the castle.

"It is a long histoire; you will tire, Madamoiselle," suggested their guide.

"No, indeed; do tell us;" and seating herself in a fine old armchair, now tottering on three legs, while Carl ensconsed himself in a window seat, Edith assumed a look of intense interest, and the woman began the sad story of the Countess of St. Philip. Omitting the peculiar French accent and the frequent lapses into her native language, the dame's tale was as follows:—

"Many years ago, sixty or more, my mother came here as waiting maid to the Countess, then a bride of two months. The latter lady had come from France, and her name was Elizabeth La Forte, Countess of St. Philip, but we always called her the Countess Elise. The Countess' maid had died on the passage from France, and partly on account of her beauty and partly from a desire to please the people here by taking a native girl, my mother was chosen to fill the vacant place in the corps of servants of the Countess' household.

"The Countess and my mother were of the same age, eighteen and nearly of the same height, and much alike in feature, save that my mother had more color and a coarser skin.

"The Count's health had failed in France, and he had come to this island as its governor, in the hope of once more regaining strength. The old castle was repaired, and these rooms formed the private suite of the Countess. I have heard my mother say that this room was "like Paradise," with everything that affection and wealth could supply; for the Count felt that to take his bride from the court of France to this desolate little isle, was forcing upon her a sacrifice. But she had cheerfully given up everything for his sake, and seemed very happy in the new home. For a few years all went well. Then the people began to murmur against the new governor and his young wife, complaining of the taxes demanded. One awful night the castle was attacked.

"My mother was a farmer's daughter and had married a peasant in the valley, (though they do say the captain of the French guard wanted her,) so she was fully aware of the dissatisfaction in the town. Fearing an attack, she determined to save the Countess, and had devised a means of escape. It was to get the Countess out of the way before an assault came; for the hatred of the people was centred on her, as they said the Count levied money taxes, in order to satisfy his wife's whims.

"The Count was absent on business in Nova Scotia,—Halifax, —and the people determined to assail the castle during his absence. Alas; the attack came all too soon! My mother, looking from the casement one evening, saw in the dusk forms creeping up the hill. They were near the terrace, and a light from the castle suddenly showed her the gleam of steel. In an instant she divined the meaning of it all. Rushing to the Countess, she besought the latter to make haste, and to put on a gown which mother soon brought from her own wardrobe. At first the Countess refused, but mother begged her to save herself for the love she bore the Count. Just as she was about to comply, there came a shout from the crowd, which had now reached the outer gate and killed the two soldiers on guard there. The Countess delayed no longer. She was soon ready and flying down the stairs, through the corridor and to the old library which you will see when we descend. My mother followed her. Reaching the latter room, they crossed to the opposite end, and there mother lifted aside a piece of tapestry and touched a panel of the wall. It swung back, and before them a narrow staircase descended.

"Down this they felt their way. The passage was so narrow that only one could go at a time, and so dark that neither could see the other, though but a pace apart. After what seemed an interminable length of time, they emerged into the open air, the outlet of the secret passage being in the woods at the rear of the castle. An almost indistinguishable path led from the opening, and along this they made their way, till they finally reached the rocks and the shore.

"My mother led her almost fainting companion to a cavern hollowed in the rocks by the waves. Here she had previously concealed food and a heavy blanket in anticipation of this need. Wrapping the Countess warmly, mother bade her to remain quietly in the cave, and left her. Gliding along through the woods towards the outskirts of the town, mother soon reached her own home and slipped softly in. I was there alone with my brother, both of us too young to appreciate the danger we were in by reason of our mother's connection with the governor's household. Father soon entered, and he and mother quickly made a bundle of the more portable valuables; and then, father carrying the pack and mother with brother in her arms and leading me, made their way to the shore. A staunch row-boat was ready, and into this we all stepped. With quick, strong pulls, my father soon had the boat near the cave. Leaping out, he hauled the craft up on the beach, and my mother at once went to the Countess, who was nearly wild with fear and excitement. Half dragging her, mother got her to the boat, and father rowed around the promontory in which was the hiding place. Just beyond this lay a small sloop, her sails spread and ready for a voyage. Giving the signal agreed upon, the small boat was allowed to come alongside, and we were all soon aboard and bound for Halifax. In two days the sloop reached its destination. The Countess was delivered to her husband, who, when he heard of her narrow escape, was much affected, and expressed his gratitude to my parents in the warmest manner.

"My mother had planned the entire escape, and father had aided her in carrying it out, although the suddeness of the attack had almost frustrated the arrangements.

"The assaulting party were angry when they found no one on whom to vent their spite; for the servants, too, had all fled at the first alarm. But the rabble soon discovered the wine vaults, and after making themselves crazy with strong drink, they proceeded to create the havoc you have seen on all sides. They seemed to have known by intuition that these were the Lady Elise's rooms, for they left almost nothing whole here. A company of soldiers from Halifax was dispatched to the island, and upon their arrival many of the chief rioters were arrested and afterwards hung or shot.

"The Count and Countess never returned to their once happy home. But you may be sure they did not forget my parents. When they sailed for France, my father was made warden of the castle, which meant a good round pension. Nothing was removed or disturbed, except the personal effects of the inmates, and year by year the building has fallen into the decay you see. A year after the attack my father and mother returned and took up their abode, where I now live, in the warden's house.

After her return to France, Countess Elise, sent my mother a miniature of herself, which I will show you when we return. Also, every year on the anniversary of that night, my mother received a sum of money as long as she lived. That is all, Madamoiselle."

Carl and Edith looked out of the window in silence. They had listened to the French woman's story as they would have attended the reading of some old-time romance of the Reign of Terror. It seemed impossible to them that the scenes of the French Revolution could find counterpart in even an American dependency of France, but evidence of the truthfulness of the old dame's story were everywhere about them.

Finally, rousing herself from the reverie in which the tale had left her, Edith requested that they be shown the secret passage. The woman led them down the stone stair-way and across the hall to a door which they had passed when going up. This was the entrance to the library. It had evidently been only a library in name, for the few book-cases contained still fewer books, all now musty and discoloured. Scarcely noticing their surroundings, the visitors followed their guide to the opposite side of the room; and sure enough when Carl pressed the panel indicated to him it swung creaking inward and disclosed to them the dark and narrow stair-way.

Edith's adventurous spirit was aroused by the sight; and though a little frightened at her own daring, she suggested that they descend. Nothing loth, Carl accepted the proposal without hesitation, stipulating, however, that they be preceded by a light, as there could be no telling what pitfalls might have been made by the process of time. Procuring and lighting a candle, the woman led the way down the steps. Edith willingly grasped the hand which Carl who went next, extended to her; and in this order they proceeded through the dark and damp tunnel. It was a relief that they at length beheld, over the shoulder of their guide, a gleam of day-light. They soon emerged through the vine-covered aperture that formed the entrance to the passage, and were drawing in a breath of the fresh air of the woodland. The good dame led them back to the castle by a circuitous path, and to her lodge. A bright girl of seemingly twenty was standing in the doorway. She greeted the dame as "*Maman*," and the latter introduced her as "My married daughter, Elise, named for the Countess, Madamoiselle." Then while Carl and Edith conversed with the daughter, the mother entered the house and soon returned with a box of carved rosewood. Opening this she took out a beautiful gold locket of immense size and showed her visitors a picture of the Countess Elise contained therein.

The features were of remarkable loveliness; soft lustrous black eyes; dark, wavy hair; full red lips; and a high forehead, were the chief attractions of the face. The head was poised upon a neck and shoulders of shapely contour, and just the edge of a lace dress was visible. The box contained also a ring set with rubies and small diamonds, and many other little articles of the Countess' which she had given her maid.

Before the young New Englanders were allowed to depart, their hostess insisted on giving them a taste of wine, from that which remained in the castle vaults, supplemented with some queer little French cakes.

Thanking the woman for the trouble she had taken in their behalf, they drove slowly back to the town. Their story being told, all the family wanted to visit the castle; but as their steamer left St. Philip early on the following day, time did not allow them. The trip down the coast was uneventful, though protracted. They reached Boston two weeks later, feeling that "the Provinces" had well repaid their visit.

Edith spent some weeks with Grace on their return home; and she and Carl took many more rides together, but none so prolific of adventure as the drive to the Castle of St. Philip Alencon. And Carl now carries a locket with the picture of a lady in it, but it is not that of the Countess Elizabeth; it is—but you can guess who.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

God Guards His Own.

"And who is he that will harm ye if ye be followers of that which is good?" I. Peter, III., 13.

We judge of the quality and value of the land by what it produces, and, its being made under certain conditions to give forth directly to our needs increases its value to man. The condition of a man's heart or inner life, and his activity on right lines, increases his value to society, the church and the world. Faith and works must go together in order to the highest good to the individual and to the community.

Suspend a plumb line, twist it in one direction, let it go, it will not only unwind itself but wind up in the *opposite* direction. See yonder wave at sea come on and break on the shore and recoil, until the undertow becomes even most dangerous. So in our swinging away from forms and ceremonies, from the chill of a cold, dead church, we have (many of us) gone to the other extreme in condemning works of faith, until the religion of many, far too many! is simply a song in the house of God—feeling good—a kind of "I am so happy" condition, and while fields "white unto the harvest" are ready for the reapers with sycle keen, multitudes are doing no good, extending no invitations to Christ, but clapping their hands and exclaiming "I am so glad," "I am so happy."

I. *Notice the good spoken of here in my text* "followers of that which is good." Good and evil have existed since the Fall with one or the other of these forces man allies himself. These are opposing forces, and as a result men are arrayed into two great opposing armies. To distinguish between good and evil takes careful thought. So hidden or marked is "evil" that men are deceived. Sometimes "evil is called good and good evil."

Having nothing to do is thought by some to be good, very good. How many have indulged in idleness to their undoing. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Many a father has learned and many a son by sad experience knows idleness to be a curse.

Strong Drink, by some is pronounced good. But let men who have become slaves of drink, answer, honestly answer, if it be not evil, and only evil.

The Card-table and the dance are pronounced by some good; but wrecked fortunes at the gaming-table, and blighted character coming from the associations of the ball-room speak in thunder tones that both alike are evil!

Sabbath Desecration has been indulged in as good. But God by his providences on the individual or nation, has shown that His law cannot be broken with impunity. The trend of sin is always downward. The road one of descent, the traveller going with increased momentum, until the fatal leap in the dark! Penalty may long be delayed, but come it must, come it will. Yonder tree that fell at the first breath of the gale, looked extremely sound, but for ten or fifteen years had been getting ready for that gale, *rotting at the heart*. So men say "look at me, I am strong as ever." Men who have for years sinned against body and soul. But, in fact, are decayed rotten trees, who at the first touch of disease go down to death, at the first stroke of sickness down they go! The same law prevails in our higher nature. "Dishonesty is as good as honesty," some say; I, it is not! Every act of my life is embryonic, if evil it will produce evil, if good it will produce good, here and hereafter. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If evil downward and evil, until the last cry will be like that of Altamont "My principles have poisoned my friends, my extravagances have beggared my boy, my unkindness has murdered my wife, and is there another hell? Oh thou blasphemed, but most indulgent Lord God, hell is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown."

On the other hand the tendency of good is upward. Heaven is represented as a mountain, we must climb, the ascent is often difficult, but if heaven reward my pains we will not murmur.

It is not worldlings that have done most for humanity, talk as they may; but lovers of this Bible, men and women influenced by this Word, who have given the uplift to humanity. Education alone has not done it, or Greece would have swayed mankind. Not physical culture only, or Rome would have been master of the world. Nor is the power in art, or Italy would stand first among the nations. Or Paganism, or the Indians of our land would have held this continent. But the good that comes from God and as revealed in the Bible has lifted up mankind the world over.

The very essence of religion is being good and doing good. The nearer we reach the summit of a hill the harder the climbing; the higher the eagle soars, the more difficult the ascent, and there comes a point where foot can climb and wing can soar no more, but in this upward tendency of man in the following after that which is good, the higher he goes the easier it is to climb. To this actively the Bible points, and christians are called to "fight the good fight,' "See that no man take thy crown," "followers of that which i good."

"Followers." How many want to be leaders. Much delay is caused and many blunders are made in the work of God, by good persons whose great ambition is to be leaders, when if they would but be "followers," imitators of that which is good, victory would come to Israel. Too many leaders is dangerous. Listen to Gideon. The three hundred have been divided into companies of one hundred each. Still the order is "As I do so do ye."

"Gideon blew a blast and all blew a blast, Gideon break his pitcher and all break their pitchers."

"Gideon shouted and all shouted 'the Sword of the Lord and Gideon!'"

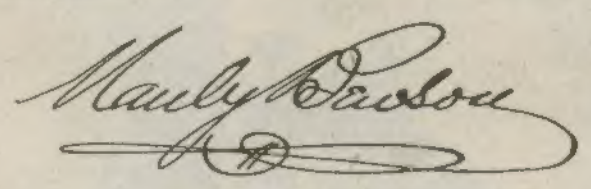
Now-a-days in company of say three hundred christians, the pastor blows the gospel trumpet, eight or ten may respond and repeat the message during the week, but the other two hundred and ninety criticise the way the preacher blew, "too loud," or "too long." The pastor holds up the light, and a few hold up their lights, but the great majority keep theirs in their pitchers, pull them out a little on Sunday, put them in the pitchers all the week. The pastor shouts "Repent and be converted," and if somebody shouts "Amen!" the whole church is astonished and looks that way and wonders "what's the matter with that man?"

Oh, when shall the entire church fall into line? and after the Sabbath sermon, each member preach it to the unsaved during the week, break their pitchers of formality or pride and hold up the light, Monday and all the week.

If once all the lamps that are lighted
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine.

How all the dark places would brighten,
How the mists would roll up and away,
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness
To hail the millenial day."

II. *Notice the question of my text* "who will harm you?" Harm certainly comes to those who follow evil. The scoffer, the dishonest. Arrows keen from the almighty's quiver enter into their soul. But you who are aiming to do good, who shall harm you? You may fall into error through ignorance, but no harm shall come to you. Rev. Mr. Gallaher, when a boy was playing in the grounds of an Earl—a choice tree was broken by the boys in their play, the boys ran away except young Gallaher. The Earl was angry, ordered the lad to be taken to the guard-house, but turned suddenly and said to the servant who was leading the boy away, "Stop," and addressing the boy said, "boy what is your name?" "Henry



M. Gallaher" said the lad. "Are you a relative of James Gallaher?" "I am his oldest son." The Earl waved his hand to the servant saying, "let him go, I know his father." You who belong to the King Eternal, the Father Almighty, who shall harm you?

The immediate consequences of right doing may be temporary loss, but not permanent. You are on the side of the mightiest Kingdom on Earth and Heaven. On the side one of who has broken the power of evil. I know the storm will strike you. I know you will be tossed on the angry sea. I know the rocks stand about you threatening wreck and ruin! But have faith in God, in Him who has said "all power is given to me in Heaven and in Earth," and ride out the storm.

Come with me and watch that ship caught on a lee shore, the gale increasing, her only hope is to cast anchor and ride out the storm. There she lies, let us look down upon her through the spray as we stand upon the heights. Wind and water combine to make her their sport. If dashed upon the rocks she must go to pieces, but there she rides, now on the top of the wave, now in the trough of the sea, but rising again and like a sea bird shakes the water from her wings. What's the secret of her safety? Her security is in a line that is unseen!

Down through the deep sea goes an unseen cable, carrying an unseen anchor to an unseen, but sure ground below. That ship is at anchor!

Blow on ye gales of adversity, let the waves of persecution toss this frail bark. While Angels and men watch me in the storm—with the anchor of my hope fast to the cable of strong faith, thrown not down but upward into the deep of heaven, to take hold on Christ the solid rock. I shall rise exultantly upon the crest of the wave and shout in joy "who shall harm me?" I am a follower of that which is good. What looks like failure often is success. Were the Martyrs in the early church harmed? or was it their persecutors? St. Paul suffered by land and sea, was beaten imprisoned and feet made fast in the stocks, was it defeat or victory? Answer, ye who laid on the lash and led him to prison.

Luther confronted the whole power of Rome, was it victory or defeat? Answer! ye of the inquisition, ye Princess and Bishops Priests and prelates.

Wesley was stoned, hooted at and scorned by the cold dead establishment of his day, was it victory or defeat? Answer! ye who on hillside and moor sang the songs of Zion with hearts touched by the power of the new life!

Christ went to the cross! amid the darkening heavens and quaking earth, was it victory or defeat? Answer ye angels of God who sang at his birth, and touched again your harps of gold in glad Halleluiahs as he cried upon the cross, "It is finished." Make answer ye redeemed on earth, and Heaven. Make answer ye dying saints nearing the rest and home of Heaven. Listen I hear them "Victory—victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

Go out from this service ye saints of God, ye who are followers after that which is good, with the assurance that no permanent harm can come to God's own.

Remember! "The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms" Remember. "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and his ears are open unto their prayers." "Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good."

"Onward, upward, doing, daring!
All for Him who died for thee
Face the foe and meet with boldness
Danger whatsoe'er it be,
From the battlements of glory
Holy ones are looking down
Thou can'st almost hear them shouting!
Oh let no man take thy crown!"

Rev. Manly Benson.

Rev. Manly Benson, the present esteemed pastor of Queen Street Methodist Church, Toronto, is the worthy descendant of a family of those U. E. Loyalists to whom Canadians are wont to revert with pride, as the founders of a now tri-oceanic-bound and consolidated British-Canadian nationality. Born in Prince Edward County, Ontario, April 27th, 1842,; the early literary training of Canada's "silver-tongued clerical orator," was at Newburgh Academy, whence, having duly qualified for the profession of teacher, he for several years subsequently, pursued that calling with marked ability and success. The occupation of a merely secular instructor was not, however, the one designed by Providence, as the life-work of the gifted young lad, who at the early age of only ten years had consecrated his life and talents to the service of the Master, and it was, accordingly, with feelings of no ordinary gratification that his friends and the church at large greeted his admission to the Methodist ministry at the Hamilton Conference of 1867. On July 9th, of the same year, Rev. Mr. Benson was united in marriage to Julia, third and very amiable daughter of the Hon. Walter McCrea, now judge of the District of Algoma. To what extent the fondly indulged anticipations of a brilliant pastoral career have been realized, the aggregate of the increasingly gratifying results, from year to year, and extending over the period of half a century, abundantly show. In 1874, having previously completed the full three years term with much acceptance on the Ridgetown and Newbury, and one year on the Cooksville circuit, Mr. Benson became associated, as colleague, with the Rev. W. J. Hunter D. D., and subsequently (having declined the superintendency on his own behalf) with the Rev. Hugh Johnston, M. A. in connection with Centenary Church, Hamilton, and it was during the closing of his popular ministration in that city, and largely through his efforts and influence, the Zion Tabernacle was erected, which to-day rears its stately dimensions among the splendid church edifices of the "Ambitious City." Mr. Benson's next appointments were at Stratford, St. Thomas, and Brantford, and in 1885, he accepted an invitation (the second time repeated) to the Central Methodist Church, Bloor Street, Toronto. In this connection it was, that his previously recognized executive abilities were exercised in so masterly a manner on behalf of the financial interests of the church, as to stamp him *par excellence* the "Champion clerical organizer and financier of the Dominion," a distinction which subsequent achievements in the same direction, coupled with his admirable management of Grimsby Park (Canadian Chautauqua) affafrs certainly justify to the full. At the close of his Central church engagement, Mr. Benson assumed the pastorate of Berkeley Street Church and ministered to that congregation with unqualified acceptance.

In 1889, he entered upon his present charge at Queen Street, which terminates in June, when he will by the unanmious invitation of the official Board and concurrence of the Conference, authorities enter upon the pastorate of Dominion Methodist Church, Ottawa. In connection with his Queen Street charge, the success of Mr. Benson has verged on the phenomenal, as evinced by the facts of his leaving behind him a salary of $2,400, a commodious free parsonage, a crowded congregation, and a membership roll to which has been added, from time to time, during the term of his pastorate about five hundred names. In their choice of Rev. Manly Benson, the managers of Dominion Methodist Church are to be congratulated upon having secured the services of a representative Canadian minister from the front rank, and his prompt acceptance of the invitation would seem to involve, on his part, a degree of confidence which, judging from the well-known kind and generous treatment of their ministers in the past, is not likely to be misplaced.

As a preacher Mr. Benson embodies in genial personal appearance, clearness of perception, elegance of diction, and thorough earnestness, the essentials that never fail to attract; nor, in this respect, do the numerous glints of descriptive eloquence and sparkling

witticisms which embellish his platform efforts, prove any the less effective. Yet, neither in the pulpit nor on the platform, merely, is it that the inate kindliness of disposition which beams from every lineament finds its gratifying solution in the opportunity for doing good. If the subjects of self-sacrificing active pastoral benevolence the world over were only permitted to testify, what a revelation there would be! Far better wait, however, until to the "inasmuch" and "enter thou," chimed in unison, the stewards of God go marching in, while their record goes marching "out." In addition to his other advantages Mr. Benson enjoys that of being a well travelled man. In company with the late Rev. Dr. Punshon he, in 1871, "did" the Rockies, Sierra Nevadas, Geyser Springs, Yosemite Valley, British Columbia, Salt Lake City, besides visiting numerous other points of interest on the Pacific Coast; and in 1879 he made the trans-continental tour of Europe, the details of which constitute the subject of several of his most popular lectures. Last year, moreover, accompanied with Mrs. Benson he visited California, preaching and lecturing at a number of the Chautuaqua assemblies and in the cities of Los Angels and San Francisco, making a tour also of Southern California, thus adding materially to his previous knowledge of that interesting region.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec. 26th, 1891	:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan. 2nd, 1892	:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
" 9th, "	:	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
" 16th, "	:	Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., New York.
" 23rd, "	:	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
" 30th, "	:	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb. 6th, "	:	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
" 13th, "	:	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
" 20th, "	:	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
" 27th, "	:	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March 5th, "	:	Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
" 12th, "	:	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
" 19th, "	:	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.

A Husband's Confession.

I am minded to write a few lines on the courtesies of life, that some of us who are husbands and wives seem to have forgotten or purposely set aside since the days of our honeymoon. We clung to them tenaciously enough before—yes, we gloried in them. I know I used to tip my hat in the most graceful and courteous manner to my wife when I chanced to meet her on the street before we were married. Sometimes, I confess it with shame, I don't do it now. I used, in those "politer" days, to think that she could not under any circumstances go up-stairs without a good deal of my arm for support, and now—well, sometimes I bolt on ahead of her, and she says reprovingly, "Here, sir, you're a gallant husband, to let me go upstairs unassisted." Then I always go back and do my duty in this respect.

Wives cling longer than husbands to all the gentle little courtesies that were never forgotten in the halcyon days of their courtship; but they, too, forget at times some of the little things that made them so charming in the eyes of Tom or John or Will. Why shouldn't we say, "I beg your pardon," or "Excuse me" and "Thank you" to each other, as well as other men and women? The lack of these little courtesies and kindness has much to do with the lack of harmony and happiness in many homes.

The Brotherless Girl.

The girl without a brother is especially to be pitied. She is the girl who is never certain of getting to the pleasures of life unless she is very attractive. Of course, she has no brother who she is certain will take her every-where; she is apt to get a little bit vain, for she has no brother to tell her, as only a brother will, of her faults and mistakes. It is only the somewhat doubtful tact of a brother that announces "I wouldn't walk up street with you in that frock," and the girl whose brother says this to her may be certain that he is only expressing the opinion of other girl's brothers. He may not do it in the most gentle way, but he does tell the truth, and if you ask him why paying a visit to another girl is more desirable than to one you know, he will sit down and look at you, and then he will say: "Well, you see, it is just this way: From the time you get there she is a nice girl who gives you a pleasant welcome and yet doesn't gush over you. She is entertaining, and yet she has a fashion of putting down nasty gossip or silly talk among whoever is there. She is a restful sort of girl, she is not always wanting to do something that tires you half to death and where the game isn't worth the candle, and when she says good-by to you, you feel certain that she is pretty glad you came, and that she will be glad to see you another time but that she doesn't look upon you as the one and only man in the world;" that is the kind of a description that the brotherless girl can't get. Then she doesn't hear of men that a fellow would rather not have his sister go with. Probably the wisest course for her to pursue is for her to choose as her most intimate friend a girl who has a wise brother; then she can reap the benefit of his counsel.

Of The World Worldly.—"There go the Spicer Wilcoxes, mamma. I'm told they're dying to know us. Hadn't we better call?" "Certainly not, dear. If they're dying to know us, they're not worth knowing. The only people worth our knowing are the people who don't want to know us!"

An Error in Terms.—Mistress: "Did anyone call just now, Bridget?" Bridget: "Yis, mum, a man called, who said he was the gas collictor, an' Oi tould him that the gas was already collicted in the poipes. Thin he attimpted to argufy wid me, so Oi jist shut the door in his face."

Handiwork.

"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—Drummond.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Circular Stand for Vase or Statuette

Shaped foundation in white wood covered with vandyked plush, cut on the cross, and encircled with gold galon. A stout piece of cardboard, neatly lined with a contrasting material, is glued on the base.

CIRCULAR STAND FOR VASE OR STATUETTE.

Brush Pocket for Dressing-room.

Flowered chintz or art sateen, veiled with white guipure, and edged with a thick cord, which is also used to describe a vandyke on the back, and separate the pocket in two parts. It hangs on the wall by a hook hidden under the top bow. The back panel is stiffened with coarse canvas.

Wall Pocket for Photographs.

Rectangular panel in either Pompadour silk or embroidered linen, crossed horizontally and finished off with bands of plain plush, which form pockets to receive the photos, notes, &c. It is smartened up with butterfly bows and mixed silk fringe. The back is faced with dark green silk.

Grandmother's Pocket.

The back consists of a stout piece of upholsterer's canvas, 19 inches by 9 inches, rounded off at the lower part and lined with pink satin. The full front is made of old pale green brocade, striped with white and pink flowers, and adorned at the mouth with a large bow of green glace silk, and at the lower part with a multi-color fringe.

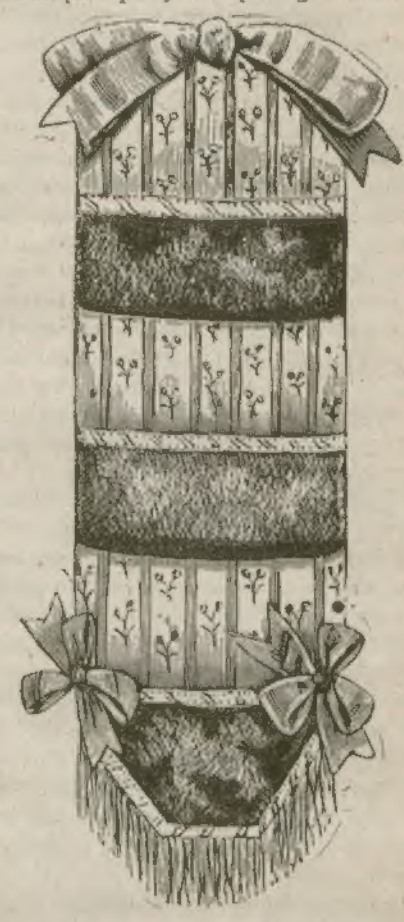
BRUSH POCKET FOR DRESSING-ROOM.

Wild roses, apple blossoms, butter cups, etc., are easily made, and the natural flower will furnish pattern and color guide.

Jewel bags, coin pouches, etc., may be quickly made, and the initials or monogram either painted or embroidered is all the decoration necessary.

For curtain bands many use brass chains; others use cord or silk ribbons. It is not usual to work them, but occasionally the bands are shaped, made of satin on a strong foundation, and powdered with daisies or other flowers. Sometimes ribbon is embroidered.

Chamois pen-wipers are pretty and appropriate for gifts. Such trifles usually sell well at fairs and bazars. Cut pieces in the shape of pansy petals; tint the upper ones with mauve, adding a little white around the edges; the next two yellow and the lower one pale purple. Sew together carefully and cover the stitches in the centre with one stitch of yellow and two of green chenile. Cut two or three pieces the shape of pansy when put together and fasten on.



WALL POCKET FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Silk-faced portieres and others called Derby are very handsome, and some of them are reversible, requiring no lining. All silk portieres are made reversible also, with exquisite bordering in Colonial designs. Some of the portieres are to be lined, and they are made of rich satin damasks, in two and three colors, in the most delicate and pleasing tints, in Louis XV., XVI. and Colonial patterns, the brocade elegant enough for a queen's gown. These, when used for curtains and portieres, are lined with silk made in the same width, called sunshine drapery. It is changeable in two tints, one following the principal one in the damask and the other contrasting, and thrown over the surface is a trailing frostwork in white, which makes of it an exquisite material, which is also used separate from the damask in many instances, as it is reversible.

Table covers are made to match the portieres and hangings, and come in several sizes, so that a room can be completely furnished,

GRANDMOTHER'S POCKET.

so to speak, from one piece of goods. A few years ago this all would have been beyond the reach of any but the very wealthy, but these silks and tapestries are now being made in America, and while they are every whit as good and handsome, as well as durable as the imported, cost much less.

SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST

AT

MESSRS T. EATON & CO'S

Fashions.

"It is not only what suits us, but to what we are suited.'—Le Philosophe Sous Les Toits.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

An Evening Dress.

An evening dress of pale yellow faille francaise. The straight skirt, slightly trained, is made with bias back seam, and is simply gathered into the band.

AN EVENING DRESS.

Fashions for Early Spring.

With snow covering the ground it seems odd to think of spring goods. The importers and manufacturers, however, have thought of them for some time, and the holidays were hardly passed before the shops were displaying the light woollen and cotton fabrics and delicate tintings prepared for the approaching season. And how fresh and attractive they appear! There are a few novelties which at once catch the eye, the variety in the weaves, for instance, as shown in the crepons called "crocodile cloths," the pleated goods and the numberless fancy cords and diagonals. Beautifully soft and dainty are these new wools, and in coloring tender, neutral shades largely prevail, as wood browns, shadowy grays, tan, beige and mauve tints, which will be brightened by vests and linings of rose, porcelain blue or sage green.

The crepons that were introduced last year will be a very popular fabric this season, and should not be confounded with the old-fashioned crape cloth, as the wale is much larger, or else is scattered over with silk figures that fairly stand out from the dull surface. Crepon is a wiry material that does not crush easily, and from which the dust can readily be removed. The leading novelty of all, in wool goods, however, is the plisse cloths that are woven to resemble pleats, varying from the eighth of an inch to two inches in width. Some are of one solid color while others have the pleats covered with satin stripes of a contrasting hue. These fabrics are used for mantles and jackets as well as gowns. Not so new as the above, but extremely serviceable, are the heather mixtures, crossed or striped with bars of silk, which are especially fancied for travelling dresses. The camel's-hairs also hold their own, being figured as well as plain, while a few stylish ones are covered with rough, raised knobs and are known by the French as "Bouton cloths."

Black frocks are always in vogue, and in black wools those with a satin finish are now liked, while in silk the widely twilled vigogne takes the lead, being made up with a colored yoke or guimpe; or else much trimmed with jet or spangles. Six or seven yards of double-width wool is sufficient for a simple gown, as they are now made with a belted waist and Bell or French skirt; a little velvet, silk or satin being combined with it in the way of a yoke, belt, collar, cuffs and foot band.

Thin summer silks are out already and at remarkably low prices. Floral designs, waving stripes and bow-knots of ribbon are the leading patterns. The pink figures on a black ground are particularly pretty. Bedford cords, too, appear again in everything, wool, silk and cotton, and in these, as in many other materials, the fancy for Dresden china designs is shown by the gay little blossoms powdered upon light grounds. These are much used for children's wear; while there is a cotton Bedford cord in plain creamy white and delicate tints which, it is said, will likely take the place of the white wool tailor gowns next summer. It has the same lusterless surface as serge and flannel, while it can be laundered as often as is desirable.

Challies, also, come, once more to the fore, but I fear have had their day, as the new flowered patterns are too huge for good taste. For upholstery purposes they would do admirably and may replace cretonne. Striped grenadines are again in favor, for which we should give thanks, as no more refined ladylike costume was ever worn. Moire stripes are most stylish on the all-black ones, but very gay Roman stripes—red, blue and yellow—alternating with black are charming for young women, while some extremely dainty, neutral tinted meshes are shown, strewn with bright polka dots or tiny rosebuds in silk embroidery. Forehanded women take advantage of the Lenten season to make up wash dresses, and those who do so have a better selection than those who want to purchase later; while they will certainly be surprised to find many old friends with new faces.

"What is this?" asked a lady the other day in one of our large stores, pausing to examine a fresh looking lavender and white fabric with a ribbed effect like corduroy. "It is Scotch gingham, madam," replied the salesman, at which her amazement was truly comical as she exclaimed to a companion, "Why! I thought it was something entirely new!"

Nor was this to be much wondered at, for gingham is now an elegant material; not only in the Bedford cords, but in the tartan plaids, that are fine as hair and have solid blocks alternating with blocks of delicate lacework. Of course these are expensive, as are the crinky cotton crapes that come in the most exquisite Severes colors; but then, for every day there are lower grades of gingham, the somewhat *passe* satines, and the neat percales which are thirty-six inches wide and only a shilling a yard. Batistes and grass linens, too, appear largely among the wash goods, the former being generally of an ecru hue, to be trimmed with narrow lengthwise stripes of gay plaid silk running down the skirt.

Directoire falls of lace, fastened to a high collar and forming a vest-like decoration on the front, will be a stylish waist trimming for spring and summer frocks, and for these the antique Irish laces are much used, both in white and ecru.

COSTUME FOR BRIDESMAIDS.

Hats of all sorts are taking the place of the comfortable caps of muslin and cloth which have so long been the chief wear of babies and little children. The prettiest hats are those shirred on cords or reeds, and are as often seen in silk to match the coat as in lawn or mull. Around the edge of the rim is frequently sewed a frill of lace about three inches wide, after a manner which was fashionable a generation ago.

Yellow is becoming a very favorite color in children's wear, and threatens to displace to a large extent the time-honored pink and blue. There is more variety of color employed in Baby's wear this season than for a long while, yellow, green, and even lavender appearing, as well as the conventional shades.

The real old-fashioned diamond hoop is seen again. It is just a narrow band of small diamonds, with only enough gold to form a setting. It is, as in the olden days, used for an engagement ring, and becomes the "keeper" of the wedding ring.

On the broad-brimmed picture hats loaded with feathers, Mademoiselle puts a bit of color in the form of a velvet flower, pink or sapphire-blue being most fancied. If possible, this is placed under the brim just in front, so that it rests on the hair, and looks most coquettish. If the shape will not permit this, then the flower may be nestled among the plumes themselves, and look out cozily and effectively from their darkness.

A Handsome Gown.

A handsome gown made of black net, with full sleeves, has for its principal attraction a large, long sash, the ends of which are

A HANDSOME GOWN.

embroidered in an elaborate manner. These sashes, which have become so popular, bring back memories of childhood's days, when a new sash represented to us the Alpha and Omega of our fashionable joys. Sashes are of every conceivable color, and their greatest attraction lies in the fact that they render the plainest of gowns sufficient style for the most exacting society.

Travelling Dress.

Travelling costume of navy blue cloth, with tan waistcoat and gauntlet cuffs, and navy blue hat.

TRAVELLING DRESS.

AT MESSRS R. WALKER & SONS

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Song for March.

Though the wild March winds are blowing,
There's a sweetness in the air,
And the golden sun is glowing,
Shedding warm beams every where.
The frost bound air is stirring,
With the pulsing life below,
And all nature is awakening,
To bid the winter go.

There's a promise in the wild wind,
Of breezes soft and low,
Filled with fragrance of the summer,
When her sweetest flowers blow.
There's a scent of ripening berries,
And a breath of the wild rose
With a glint of scarlet cherries,
And each lovely thing that grows.

The blue skies tell of violets,
And in these sunset glooms,
We see snow drops, crocus, pansies,
And a tint of apple blooms.
The lengthening evenings whisper,
Of mdonlight on the sea,
When the fervid heats of summer,
Make us languish to be free.

To wander on the sea shore,
Or deep in wild woods stray,
Or climb the mountain's summit
On some blissful holiday.
Then welcome to the March winds,
For in their train they bring,
The loveliness of summer,
And the tender grace of spring.

M. Lesueur MacGilles.

I was surprised to get a letter from Egypt this week, not the Egypt in the States, girls, but real Egypt of the Nile, Egypt of the Bible, where Pharoah and Cleopatra lived. Your cousin Lily Pearl lives there, and she was kind enough to surprise me pleasantly with a letter. Now, dear jewel-cousin, how can I advise you? We want you out here, with your sweet voice and your many accomplishment, but, how shall we get you? You may be sure I shall be on the lookout for you, and if I hear of anyone going on that tour round the World, they might bring you back with them. If I hear of anything that will suit you, and at the same time make a way for you to Canada, be sure I shall let you know. Patience a little longer with the quiet surroundings. I know just how you feel, and the longing which comes upon you for independence. It is lovely to have you for a cousin, dear, I hope you will some day sit beside me, as you do now in my fancy, and sing me sweet songs of the South? How did you get away out there, anyway. Professor Wickle says you are a foreigner, and not English, but your English letter is so well put together and so clear that I wonder if you are indeed an English Lily blooming in the valley of the Nile.

Thanks for the promised favor, Cora. I haven't yet received it, and am holding back for the exchange to see if my big brother, who is home from Virginia, won't take it to you, or post it on the other side. Your skirt must have been sweet. I love dainty things like that, it sounds almost nice enough for a wedding, my dear. And so you have always lived in the country among the trees and fields! I seem to see the white building where you went to school, and the church and the Bible class. How strange it seems to me, who have roamed far by sea and land, to think of your sweet, shut-in life. But the worst of roving is, my dear, that one does not settle down! I am beginning to feel the restless stirring of the gypsy in me, as the sap rises in the trees, and I long to be off again. If things go happily this Spring, I may write you and the others lovely letters from "Shamrock-Land" before Fall!

Will I receive you in my Cosy Corner, Dollie? Won't I! There are such a lot of us now, that I think we need a pretty roomy corner! I am glad to see you, and to know that you enjoy our chats. I do, I know. I get the letters out of the little golden hand, and spread them all round me on my writing table, and on each envelope I see written the pretty girl-names of you all, and from one comes a whiff of orange perfume, for she lives among the groves of Florida, and from another the scented breath of the pine woods, and Cora sends me faint sighs from the pale wild flowers of the forest, and Susie whispers sweet words in a strange tongue, and Rhea says the loveliest, affectionate things that make me ache to hug her. We are all good-friends, dear Dollie, and as you are the fourth from your city you should be quite at home here. You remark that girls write from far away. What did you think of my first cousin this week, Lily Pearl? Can you stretch over and shake hands withe her? Your question about girls earning money at home in the evenings has often been asked me. As you paint you should be able to make lots of pretty things. Could you not get some orders for Easter cards? It is indeed very difficult to get on the staff of a magazine, even if you are well known. There are so many anxious to do so. I have been trying for two years to get back on one which I used to write for and have only just succeeded. Your letter was not selfish, my dear child, I was very pleased with it. The style is refined and cultured, and I am sure my cousin Dollie and I shall be good friends. Certainly you may write again. I am always disappointed when a cousin stops after one letter. I can't help fearing she isn't satisfied with us!

Rhea had something in her letter last week that gave me a rap, girls, though I know she little thought Cousin Ruth had ever sat up late with some foolish young man, and kept her good mother nodding, when she was dying for a sleep, and should have been in bed. Ah, me! when Rhea asked me to write about that, a tingle went all down to my toes, and I *just didn't* last week. Rhea says, if she ever has a sweetheart, he will have to know enough to go home at ten o'clock, or she will tell him to stay home altogether. Brave girl! just wait till you have one, and then see what you'll do. "Give it to the girls," says Miss Rhea, but how can I? Do you know, my mother used to tell me she would do something desperate if such and such people stayed so long again, but she never did, dear woman! Girls are all alike, Rhea dear! When they're as sensible as you are beforehand, they are ten times more foolish when they fall in love! Only eighteen you are, my sweet coz, just wait a few years, and you will agree with me, that time flies when Cupid winds the clock, and twelve will be along before it should be ten. Please, if you retain any respect for your Cousin Ruth, since you've found what a selfish girl she used to be, write again. Your letter was splendid.

From North to South, we must hop, cousins, to meet "An Ugly Girl." That's the name she signs, but, we don't believe her, do we? No, my dear, I have never been South, but I have listened to tales of that country, till my heart has yearned to know it and love it, as its people did. So you have been to see Sara Bernhardt. Yes she is a great *artiste*, but I am glad you didn't understand what she acted. Some of her plays don't fit in our Cosy Corner. I saw her last year in one which left a bad flavor in my life for weeks, and I only saw part of it. I will tell the manager what you say about the continued story, my dear; perhaps he will gratify you and perhaps also, after a while, I may be brave enough to attend to your other request. I will give you a cure for freckles next time. You might try it, and let me know if it succeeds. By the way, when you want directions such as this, cousin, don't call them a *receipt*, but a *recipe*. A *receipt* is an acknowledgment of something *received*. A *recipe* is the proper word for directions how to concoct a cake, a drink, or a remedy such as you require. Write again, Ugly Girl, from your sunny Georgian home, and do, like a dear, choose a nicer name. I feel quite rude when I call you as at present.

"A Lake Shore Lass" wants to know what sundry telegraphic signs mean. As I happened to meet a clever young lady who understands telegraphy, I asked her, and she told me something very pretty. They mean "Yours forever," my Lass, only, you have left out the r in "yours." By the way, telegraphy is an interesting study, I wonder if any of my cousins understand it. Isn't the newly discussed idea of mental telegraphy wonderful? I mean by that, the notion that you can transmit your ideas to the brain of a friend ever so far away, and lead him into thinking of the same things which occupy your mind. Mark Twain gives some instances of that, and it appears that a good many others have come to light. I wonder, did my intense wish that my cousins should write to me prevail as far as Egypt, and influence the mind of Lily Pearl? I am wishing still more for letters now, my cousins, since I have had so much more enjoyment and information out of those already received than I expected.

Cousin Ruth.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."—Milton.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Always use a wooden spoon or fork to stir salads.

While baking do not open your oven doors only a crack, as fanning in cold air makes the cake fall.

The best way to fry apples is to halve them, remove core, put some butter in frying-pan and put in the halves, the cut side down, then add a little water and let boil dry; then fry.

When celery is brought home, if not wanted immediately, it should be wrapped in a wet cloth. An hour before dinner put into cold water, then clean and arrange on a celery dish.

To serve oysters on the half-shelf, clean the shells thoroughly, open them carefully, and place those to which the oysters adhere upon an oyster-plate, arranging them in a circle about the outside of the plate, with a piece of lemon in the centre.

To fringe celery, cut it in pieces two inches long, stick several needles into a cork, and comb the celery with it, or split it down into several parts with a sharp knife. Throw into cold water to curl. This is a very appetizing relish, also, with vinegar, pepper and salt.

Always bake a tester in a small pan first, to see if your dough is right; if your cake is too solid put in a few teaspoonfuls of milk; if too soft it will fall in the middle and be spongy or crumbly; add one tablespoonful, or a little over, of flour.

When putting the bread in the oven it should be hot enough to hold the hand in and count twenty rather quick. Care must be taken with the fire, to keep the heat steady, allowing it to gradually die away towards the last of the baking; and this is the best time to set in your rolls, as a more moderate fire is necessary for them.

The order of washing dishes is of some importance. Glass should be taken first, then silver, then china. If there is a specially choice dish, search it out, wash and wipe it by itself, and immediately set it away, that the chances of breakage may be reduced to a minimum. After the dishes are done, carefully scald, rinse and dry dishcloth and towels. If they can be dried in the open air, so much the better.

An admirable method of preparing chicken for traveling luncheons, etc., is as follows: Use only a young and tender fowl. Clean, split it down the back, and wipe perfectly dry. Season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle on a small quantity of flour. Place the chicken in a pan, add water, and bake for an hour, basting frequently. Do not use any butter, even if the chicken is a very lean one, for the oil in the meat is intensely disagreeable where the latter has to be eaten from the fingers. Cut in small pieces for the lunch.

At the time of housecleaning make it a rule to inspect everything in the way of the fitting and furniture of the house. If there are slats out of the blinds or the blinds are out of order in any way, have them repaired. Look at the locks and bolts and see that everything is in order, that the keys are in place and move easily in the lock. Sometimes when a lock is stiff a few drops of kerosene oil will make it all right. If there are cracked windowpanes do not wait till they come out themselves, but have them repaired now. Look at the cane-bottomed chairs and have new seats put in them if they need it. It is a saving of money and endless annoyance to have articles out of repair promptly mended so they can be of service.

A chain dishcloth is an excellent thing to cleanse pots and kettles, but some of these depraved utensils refuse to submit to anything less than a thorough scraping with a knife. If a knife, not too long, worn quite thin and kept moderately sharp, can be reserved for this purpose alone, it is well. The cooking utensils, when possible, should be washed before the meal is served; it can be done in half the time that it will take if they are allowed to stand an hour; but if this is not possible, fill the pot or pan with cold water and let it stand on the back of the stove till it can be attended to. This, after being washed and wiped, are best allowed to dry on the back of the stove; of course not in a region so hot that they are likely to melt, lest dampness and rust lurk in some crevice or seam of the tin.

An Ideal Husband.

55 My ideal husband crowns his wife with laurels of honor, soothes her brow with hands unstained with crime; his conversation being pure as the driven snow, his love unlimited as the heavens, his commands gentle as the softest zephyrs that blow, his heart forgiving as a little child's and his devotion as firm as the rock on which Christ built His church. I would have him strong and dignified, still subject to his family's wishes, and considerate enough to make his wife his counselor and confidante. To honor God and his country his highest ambition.

56 He is a man whose character is pure, education broad and reputation unsullied. He loves his wife through the sunshiny days and is her consolation when dark ones come. He honors her, respecting all belonging to her. He is more gentle, more loving, more scrupulously polite to her and more tenderly considerate of her as his wife than before. He appreciates her loving sacrifices and unselfish duration. He consults her wishes on everything concerning her, and informs her of his income letting her have an interest in his affairs. He trusts her; making her his equal and best friend.

57 My Ideal Husband is a thorough christian, abounding in all the true christian graces, which make him a blessing to his family and also to the community in which he resides. He cultivates cheerfulness at home and abroad, and though the clouds of adversity hang over him at times, he can with the eye of faith look beyond and dispel the gloom. He loveth his wife as he does himself, is kind and affectionate to his children. His presence brings sunshine into his home and of him it can be truly said: "Meeting is pleasure, parting is a pain."

58 My idea of an Ideal Husband is, one who is kind and considerate at home and abroad, attentive to strangers, to business, to religious duties, one who never becomes impatient over trifles, would not stoop to anything mean or paltry, one in whom a wife can confide and look up to, one who could not be ruled by his wife, one who enjoys giving nice little surprises at home, one who takes an interest in public as well as private affairs.

59 Comely enough is he, with equal shares of health, strength, and intellectuality; widely sympathetic, fond of home, with a wealth of husbandly devotion and fatherly love. He is jealous when necessary, well read, honest and temperate. He forgets not God. He has ability to acquire, generosity to give, and wisdom to save—money. By his patience, cheerfulness, sympathy, tact, strength and kindness, the cares of wife and mother, that loveless would be drudgery, are lightened, brightened and transfigured into the golden chains with which angels bind together wedded hearts, giving to earth the glamour of the early morn of Paradise.

60

"Tis the mind and not the stature that makes the man."
"Handsome is who handsome does."

Brave, firm in that which is right, honorable, pride for his fair fame and that of his family, virtuous, clean-spoken, no profanity, love and generosity to his wife and family, one who remembers his vow—"With all my worldly goods I thee endow," industrious. One who clasps his wife's hand in his on the journey to the Master's feet, pleading for life everlasting.

In The Play Room.

"Mild or wild we love you, loud or still, child or boy."—SWINBURNE.

(*The editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address, Play Room Editor, in care of this paper.*)

Hunt the Slipper.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLK.

The coals blaze up on the fire,
The room is all warm and bright,
Hark to the mirth of the children
As it sounds through the wintry night.

They play at hunt the slipper
With many a shout of glee;
Their young hearts are very merry
To-night it seems to me.

Just now the one thing thought of
By them all is that small shoe,
To catch it and pass it onward
Is the one thing they must do.

Now it steals all around the circle,
Now quickly flies through the air;
Now Maurice has it, now Lily—
See! 'tis here and now 'tis there!

Strange to be so important,
The source of so much fun;
It is but Charlie's slipper
When all is said and done

That is the way the world goes—
Things are not always the same,
Sometimes they are only slippers,
Sometimes just all in a game.

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

No. 1. A SINGLE ACROSTIC.

Q-uito.
U-lster.
E-ngland.
E-uphrates.
N-yanza.
V-alentia.
I-ona.
C-orfu.
T-yre.
O-rkney.
R-uarpretree.
I-nn.
A-nnes.

Queen Victoria.

No. 2. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

H
C O T
H O U S E
A S S
F

CONUNDRUMS.

No. 1. Because he tips the little Hills with gold.

No. 2. The wind, when he whistled, "Over the hills and far away."

No. 3. Yes, he drops a line by every post.

No. 4. Ashes.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Christmas, Mistletoe.

Puzzles.

No. 1. Charade.

My border chieftain and his clan,
Were gathered round my SECOND;
My FIRST was filled for every man,
And all on dinner reckoned.

They raised the covers—empty all!
"Ho! lads, a pull of Rhemish
And then to cellar! On you I call
My WHOLE, boys, to replenish!"

No. 2.

Deep within the cloister cell
Robed in brown or gray,
There my FIRST in quiet dwell—
Study, serve, or pray.
My LAST is by the children worn;
Verses too I've made;
Strangest of all things beside
Ladies like my shade.

Tell me what my WHOLE may be;
Surely you've the power,
You have often gathered me,
I am just —

Single Acrostic.

My initials will form, if you read them straight down,
The name of a very good man.
All slaves and bondsmen will know it quite well,
And now guess it too, if you can.

1. This word doth show the opposite of tame.
2. A very well-known river this, you know its name.
3. This savage beast I think you must have seen.
4. The true reverse of good this word doth mean.
5. For breakfast this is sometimes very good.
6. And this you'll never see if you are good.
7. How cheery this upon a winter's day.
8. Part of our Queen's regalia this, I say.
9. How hard this thing, how steady, and how strong.
10. This article of clothing will last long.
11. When fried, this fish is capital I think.

Pray guess this now before I've time to wink.

Beheaded Words.

1. I am a place to live in; behead me, I am a river; behead me again and I am a verb.

2. I am a thing to eat off; behead me, I am not early; behead me again and I am part of a verb.

3. I am a place for horses; behead me I am an article of furniture; behead me again and I am skilful.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR:—This morning our cross old governess is ill, and so we have a holiday just because Miss Taplings head is aching so badly and all over her is paining, the nursery is shut up, (thanks be) indeed I wish for more days than one, because we never have any fun in that old room, I must tell you we are all delighted to find there will be no lessons until Miss Tapling makes her appearance again in the school-room with that dingy old book in her hand, and looks at us as if she thought we were going to do something dreadful.

I hate nursery governesses don't you?

Well! dear Editor I am going to tell you about a party we were at the other night, sister Bessie and I.

Dorothy Aveling's mamma said she would give her a party on her birthday, so we all wished and wished it would come. It came at last, and Bessie and I went. We did not have to go after tea, like grown up people do, the invitations said from four o'clock until ten.

Well, we had a jolly time. I wish you had been there to see us. I know you would have had lots of fun, and would have made lots for us, at least an editor ought to be able to. Bessie looked so pretty in her little lace dress and kid shoes, then I was dressed like "Little Lord Fontleroy." Mamma always likes to see us look nicer than other children and I think we did; any way there were lots of pretty little girls there, and that is what I like.

We played Blind Mans Buff, Hunt the slipper, Nuts in May and many other games; then we had such a nice tea. Oh! I could not begin to tell you what was on the table. I know in the middle there was a large bouquet of deep red roses; I like flowers, and these were so pretty that Dorothy took one from among the others, and fastened it on my coat, I have that rose yet, Editor, I will keep it too, because Dorothy gave it to me, and I like Dorothy.

We were all sorry when the time came for us to go home, why Bessie and I said we could have stayed there much longer, we were having much fun, but, just as half past nine came William brought the carriage for us, and we had to go.

Wasn't it mean? so we said goodnight to Dorothy, her mamma and papa and started for "Glenwood," that is what they call our place. Mamma is going to give us a party soon, and I will write and tell you all about it, so good-bye until another day

Your little reader

ARTHUR.

The Old Woman in the Wood.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived in a rude hut of brushwood covered all over with moss and vines, an old woman. She was so ugly and such a frightful looking being that passers by, (that is if ever any one chanced to come that way) avoided her.

First I must tell you something about the little hut in which she lived.

As I said, it was made of brushwood, and to any person just passing it looked pretty, because the green moss peeping out from underneath the running vines made it look very pretty and snug.

As you entered the path, the path winding through the wood, two turns to the left would find this little shanty. It was enclosed with an ugly rail fence partly fallen down, and rotten in many places so that it was quite easy to gain entrance to the little enclosure.

On opening the door of the cottage you came into a small room, the floor of which was covered by a dirty piece of rag carpet; there were a few old pictures on the walls beside which hung a few bones of the heads of some wild birds; the remains of animals were also nailed against the doors which gave entrance or exit. Then she had the skin of a cat stretched on a board and hung up against the window; an old stag horn over the door, and lots of other hideous things which would strike terror to any one who chanced to look in. There were a few old, half-broken chairs and a great block of wood which answered the purpose of a seat stood by the chimney; a round table was in one corner of the room, and in the opposite corner lay her old dog Gammon who was always faithful to her.

Then another room (there were but two in the place) she occupied as a bedroom, it was not such a bad place after all, cozy enough, but so dirty; an old bed, a large box and bench where Gammon made his couch were the only pieces of furniture in the place. But if I go on to tell you all about the shanty my story will never end.

Well, this old woman was said to be very fond of children, and it was whispered among the neighbours, that any who ever entered her cabin or that she could get hold of were never seen again.

No one knew what became of them, but they were not afterwards heard of; it was said she ate them, but then I do not think she did that, no old woman is surely so wicked.

In a pretty house, which stood back from the road, just about two miles from the place where this ugly old woman lived, and beyond the limits of the wood lived two little children, Ethel and Robbie Hall. They were very fond of rambling about their own grounds, and the nurse used to take them into the park sometimes, on their morning walk, but they were never allowed to venture near the wood.

The children's mamma had told them they were not to go be cause they would be in danger of being lost; one day Ethel said to Robbie "come let us go over in the wood and get some wild flowers and gather nuts." Robbie was just as eager as his sister, so off they went.

They walked along the path, plucking a flower here and there, then they found a bird's nest; of course they were delighted because they had never before seen a real nest, so they stopped a while to look at it. Then they came across some berry bushes and ate of the berries. Well! all this took time and when they thought of returning twilight was fast advancing. Oh! how frightened they were, they turned this way and that but could not find their way out of the wood. Ethel said to Robbie, "we are lost, Robbie, what shall we do?" With this they sat down and cried until Robbie fell asleep. Ethel was so frightened she did not know what to do. She heard the dead leaves rustling and a sound as though some one were coming near her; she looked up, and to her surprise saw the ugly old woman of whom I have spoken. She was standing beside them looking down and Ethel began to cry the more when she saw her.

"Don't be frightened deary, I shall not hurt you, get up and come with me, I will take you home to my little house and give you some supper, you must be hungry." With this she took Robbie up in her arms still sleeping and, of course, there was nothing left for Ethel but to follow, frightened as she was, so they walked along until they came to the hut. The old woman told Ethel not to be afraid and they went in.

Gammon sprang up and commenced to growl, but one word silenced him and he went slowly back to the corner of the room in which he made his bed in the day-time.

Old Meg (that is the name we will give her) busied herself in getting some supper for the children, and when Robbie awoke they sat down to the meal. They were glad enough for the poor things were hungry.

Now I must tell you what they had to eat; some coarse bread and butter, a piece of cake, the flesh of some bird and a cup of strong tea to drink, made from an herb gathered in the wood.

Ethel and Robbie were delighted, and in a short while forgot all about going home; when night came the old woman said she would take them home in the morning. She undressed them and put them in bed.

Well, morning came; when Ethel and Robby had their breakfast they told Old Meg as well as they could that they had lost themselves, for they had come into the wood when their mamma had told them not to, and that if Meg would take them home their mamma would give her some money, they were sure she would; off they started. Meg took them as far as their own gate-way and told them to go home as quickly as they could (their mamma would be in a dreadful way to know where they had been) and to come out and see her again. She then kissed them and turned away with tears in her eyes for she remembered the day when her own little darlings were with her, but they had long been dead.

She left Ethel and Robbie standing, wondering what had happened, and in their little hearts pitying her, and they promised each other to go and see her again.

Well they reached home only to find the household in a great confusion; the servants had been out all night looking for them.

Mamma and papa were nearly distracted, but when they found out all that had happened to the children they felt pity for the poor old woman in the wood, and that very day a basket of nice things was sent to her from Ethel's mamma for her kind treatment of the children, who promised never again to wander away without their nurse.

Ethel and Robbie were sometimes taken to visit Old Meg after this and in her lonely hours her only comfort was the two little children she found on that August evening, in the bushes not far from her own cabin.

Now, my dear children, you will find by this story, that people are sometimes accused of committing cruelties of which they are perfectly innocent; and poor Old Meg, instead of eating children as she was suspected of doing, showed that she had a kind heart and was willing to befriend them as Robbie and Ethel would have told you.

Messrs. Hollinrake, Son & Co.

Those of our readers who are in search of bargains should pay a visit to Messrs. Hollinrake, Son & Co's who have lately purchased Woodhouse's bankrupt stock. Their advertisement will be found in our advertising columns.

Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co. found in another column. This old reliable firm held their millinery opening on Tuesday last, and, as usual their capacious show rooms were crowded during the day. Next week we shall reproduce some sketches made by our special artist of a few of the leading styles in millinery, etc., shown by them.

Our New Departure.

The proprietors of THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY have for some time been in communication with an artist from London, England, who has been engaged on one of the leading Ladies' periodicals in that country. They have, at great expense, succeeded in securing his services, and in each issue will be found two pages of drawings from his pen. A specialty of his work will consist of actual fashion sketches from Canadian goods and designs, and we shall be able to present to our lady readers drawings of fashionable goods which can be purchased in this country. This is the first and only publication in Canada, which has ever furnished its subscribers with original fashion work, giving designs of the latest novelties in millinery, mantles, dresses, etc., to be found in the leading drygoods establishments of Canada. We trust the effort we have made on their behalf will be appreciated by our lady friends.

Culinary.

"Man is a carnivorous production and must have meals."—Byron.

Cheese Pie.—Beat three eggs, a cup of sugar and butter each together, flavor with nutmeg, pour in pie pans lined with rich pastry and bake; spread over with meringue, set in the stove one minute to brown.

Grandmother's Ginger Cookies.—Two cupfuls of molasses, one of melted lard, one of boiling water, one table-spoonful of Price's extract of ginger and two tea-spoonfuls of soda; mix well and add flour to make stiff dough, roll thin, cut out and bake in a quick oven.

Nutmeg Jumbles.—Mix two cupfuls of sugar, half a cupful of butter and half a cupful of sour cream, add half a tea-spoonful of soda, two eggs and six cups of flour with three grated nutmegs; roll, make in rings and bake in a quick oven.

Old Virginia Land Tarts.—Two cupfuls of sugar, one of butter, two eggs, three cups of flour; roll very thin, cut in squares with a knife, spread white of an egg on top, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar, press a raisin in the centre and bake.

Pumpkin Pie.—Take one quart of stewed pumpkin, one quart of sweet milk, half a cup of butter and the yolks of three eggs, mix well, flavor with cinnamon, nutmeg and ginger, beat the whites of the eggs and stir in gently; line deep pie pan with crust, pour in the mixture and bake.

Fruit Pudding.—Fruit pudding is an excellent dessert. Beat to a cream three-quarters of a cup of butter; add to it a cup of molasses, the strained yolks of four eggs, and two cups of scalded milk, in which two teaspoonfuls of soda should be dissolved. Add now four cups of pastry flour (it requires more if bread flour is used, and the pudding will not be as moist in that case). It should be about the consistency of pound cake. Add now an even teaspoonful of cinnamon, one of nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of cloves, a quarter of a pound of citron cut in shreds, two pounds of raisins and, last of all, the whites of four eggs; beat it well. Pour the pudding into a greased pudding mould. It cooks better and looks better when served if put in a fluted pyramid mould. Put it in a pot of boiling water or in a steamer over boiling water, and let it cook steadily for six hours. Serve it with any nice wine sauce.

Chicken Pie.—Chicken pie made by this recipe is excellent cold: Save the neck, the tips of the wings, the gizzard and the liver of the chicken, and the feet. Pour boiling water over the feet, leave them a moment, then pull off the outer skin and nails. After these are removed, put the feet with the other parts. They are quite important, as they contain the gelatine which forms the gravy around the chicken when the pie is cold into a delicious jelly. Stew the skinned feet, wing-tips, neck and giblets, which have been well cleaned, in just enough water to cover them; add a slice of onion, one of carrot, and let the water simmer gradually till it is reduced one-half; add a few drops of lemon juice or a teaspoontul of taragon vinegar, and some jellied stock, if necessary. Pour this gravy around and over the chicken in the pie and cover it with a paste, and strain the gravy before pouring it over the chicken. Some people add little egg balls or slices of the yolks of hard boiled eggs and rings made of the whites.

Braised Turkey.—We will suppose that the turkey has to be cooked in an ordinary saucepan. Pluck and singe the bird, cut off the neck and the legs, and empty it, reserving the liver, heart and gizzard. Cover the bird all over with slices of bacon, cut very thin; then bind it securely with twine. The shape of the turkey must be preserved as correctly as possible. Put a few slices of fat bacon at the bottom of the saucepan; lay the bird upon these, with the giblets and trimmings; a calf's foot, split in two; two or three onions, stuck with cloves; two carrots, a bunch of parsley, and a sprig of thyme, with salt and pepper to taste. Put some more slices of bacon on the top of the turkey, and nearly cover it with good stock. Put the lid on the pan, and gently simmer the contents from four to six hours, according to the size of the bird. If this dish is to be eaten hot, place the turkey on a dish, surround it with the best of the vegetables, and pour over it part of the liquor in which it has been stewed, freed from fat, and thickened with a little browning. If it has to be served cold, dress it exactly the same as directed for "rolled turkey."

Boiled Turkey.—Take a nice plump hen turkey which has been hung for a few days—a week if the weather will permit—pluck, singe and draw; fill with forcemeat, veal, oysters, or chestnuts. Truss for boiling, remembering to draw the legs well up into the body, and bind it securely with tape. Dredge flour all over, and put it into a large saucepan, with just sufficient warm water to cover it. Add a teaspoonful of salt, two small carrots, one onion, stuck with three or four cloves, a dozen peppercorns, a bunch of parsley, and a few outer sticks of celery. Bring the whole slowly to boiling point, skim the liquor very carefully, and let it simmer gently till the turkey is tender. A bird weighing ten pounds will require to simmer for two hours, counting from the time the water reaches boiling point. When sufficiently cooked, take up the turkey, drain it for a minute, and serve it on a very hot dish. Pour a little good melted butter, or white sauce over it, and send parsley butter, celery sauce, oyster sauce, chestnut sauces, Dutch sauce, or even good melted butter, flavored with horseradish, to table with it. All these sauces are suitable accompaniments, but the one chosen must always be in keeping with the forcemeat with which the turkey is stuffed. Garnish the dish on which the bird is served with little rolls of boiled bacon, or ham; thin slices of tongue, or small forcemeat balls; or, if preferred, with sprigs of fresh parsley and sliced lemon.

Rolled Turkey.—Take a plump young turkey, cut it down the middle into two parts, and remove the bones without injuring the outer skin. Lay the pieces flat on the table or the chopping board, skin downward, and spread over each a layer of good forcemeat—of any kind which may be desired—about an inch thick. Roll each piece up separately like a sausage, cover with thin slices of bacon, and tie these on securely with twine, or even narrow tape. Place the rolls in a stewpan, cover with good stock, and add the following ingredients: A bunch of parsley, a sprig of thyme, one good-sized carrot, one large onion cut in quarters, two or three cloves, a blade of mace, and a little pepper and salt. Put on the lid of the pan and allow the whole to simmer gently until done enough, skimming the liquor occasionally. Rolled turkey may be either eaten hot or cold. If the former, take up the rolls when sufficiently cooked, put them on a very hot dish, and remove the twine with which they have been tied. Strain, and thicken the liquor for sauce; pour part of it over the rolls, and send the rest to table in a tureen or sauce-boat. If the turkey is to be eaten cold, let the rolls lie in the liquor half an hour after they are cooked before removing them from the pan. The rolls, in either case, will need to simmer about an hour and a half. When quite cold, brush the meat over with glaze. This glaze is very useful indeed for improving the appearance of many cold dishes. It is made from clear stock, boiled down until it forms a sort of meat varnish, or strong savory jelly. If not convenient to make it at home, it can easily be purchased. When the turkey rolls are to be served cold, place them on a dish covered with a napkin, and ornament in the usual way, with sprigs of fresh parsley, cut lemon, and beetroot boiled till tender and cut in pretty devices—stars, diamonds, hearts, etc. If these various colors are blended with taste, this forms a most attractive dish, beside being one easy and pleasant to carve.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed. We will then publish the decision with the numbers to which the different prizes were awarded. No more specimens of handwriting will be delineated for this Examination. It will be useless for subscribers to forward them, as Competition closed, as above stated, on Dec. 15th, and we shall simply continue to publish those which were received on or before that date.

Delineations.

440 This lady has more fun to the square inch than most people. She is fond of home, earnest and true in dealings, open-hearted, loquacious. She is kind and lively, affectionate and persevering, rather ambitious to succeed, would never shrink from work and be a coward in peril. Her self-will is not strong, she is original, smart and energetic.

441 This lady is painstaking, friendly, constant and desirous of praise. Her decision is good, but her energy a little wavering. She is cultured, rather refined, generous and careful, even-tempered, not very hopeful or buoyant, but of average cheerfulness. Her methods are straightforward, honest and conscientious. A woman to be trusted and not likely to fail.

442 This is a very determined and slightly despondent study, self-assertion, with some grace of manner, care and ambition are shown. She is fond of creature comforts, painstaking but not artistic, her impulses are sociable and she enjoys life, though not merrily inclined. Her temper is good, and if she grumbles it is rather an easy-going discontent.

443 Slow people have no chance, when this lady is around. She thinks, speaks and acts quickly, is full of fun, a little hot-tempered and sensitive to criticism. Her affection is warm, but she is undeniably fickle, and should she never become an ideal wife, it will probably be because she could not fix her mind on one individual long enough to marry him.

444 Here is the very opposite to the study immediately preceding. This lady is discreet, thoughtful, deliberate, gentle and forgiving. Once love and love for ever is her motto. She is unselfish, careful, a little hard to please, but very faithful and reliable. Her fault is want of energy and a very strong attachment to her own way.

445 This is rather an undeveloped hand, and too unformed to give a satisfactory study. The writer is very frank, generous, confiding and inquisitive. She has the making of a gossip, but not a malcious one. Her conscientiousness is marked, and kindness also. She likes society and fun of any kind, and is rather a witty woman with a fine imagination and good heart.

446 This lady is nervous, faultfinding, jealous and exacting, she is very clever, probably given to study, but is narrow minded. Her temper is uncertain, capability of affection very strong, would need a very placid and patient husband to make her happy. Is very fond of art and beauty in any form.

447 A very sedate and quiet nature, great piety, or at any rate, self-sacrifice and high ideals, reticence and self-control are shown by this writing. The lady is probably past her first youth, and if she has not yet secured a husband, may make up her mind that the chances are against her ever doing so. I have rarely seen so speaking a hand as this appears to be.

148 A merry, pleasure-loving and hopeful nature, fond of home and friends, rather clever and original, good hearted and of great perseverance and constancy. This lady should have heaps of friends, and deserves a first class husband, but he will require to be a man of strong will and determination.

149 This is the writing of a refined and gentle woman, indecision and tendency to lean on others is shown. The writer loves poetry and music, and is very loving and truthful.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

Speckle Face.—Cucumber cream is excellentfor some skins. It is impossible to recommend any cosmetic, because what suits one won't benefit another. If you have irritable skin, some cooling lotion and plenty of bathing, with warm water and a soft towel are best. Cucumber Cream costs about a dollar a bottle. It is good for these March winds, to keep the face soft, and check sunburn, and it will remove slight freckles.

Josiah—I am sorry you have had so much trouble in getting settled in our city. You can get board at numerous places from three to ten dollars a week. Certainly there are disadvantages in having lady boarders in the same house, but if they are amiable, accomplished and good-looking, I don't see what great trial they can be. I fancy you must be a serious subject, by your letter, and if so, I can quite understand how you sufter from the constant humming and droning of your neighbors. I am glad that the Pictorial amuses you, poor fellow!

Ignoramus—To obtain a ticket, on which to take out books from our circulating library, you must make an application and have it signed by a responsible surety of this city. There is no charge at all, I think. Should you leave the city be sure your book is returned and your ticket, as some one might obtain possession of the latter, and take out and lose books, when your surety would have to pay for them.

Lucille.—I have seen quite a number of the exchange columns you speak of, in Women's Magazines; I never knew of but one lady who took advantage of them. She offered point lace, for a silver comb, and gave five months work for a comb which she could have bought for as many dollars. I don't think you had better dispose of your work in that way. There is always a demand for such things, if well done, in fancy stores and bazars. Try the Woman's Work Depository, corner Yonge and Gerrard.

Auntie.—Certainly, accept his attentions if you feel like it. There is no sense in being so afraid of ridicule, besides nice people wont ridicule you. A woman of forty and a man of fifty can certainly go to the play without chaperonage. Go—auntie, take all the pleasure you can get in life.

Greta—Five yards is ample for a Princesse robe, such as you describe, if the tweed is of that very wide width, and you are only medium height- Get large pearl buttons, have the gown made with double breast and *revers*, and have two or three different coloured dickeys of good silk to wear under. For pale grey, deep garnet; blue and slate grey, the shade of the buttons, would be a nice choice.

Madge Merton.—You can get a passage to the old country very cheap on some lines. The State Line for instance. The boats or this line are slower, smaller, and rock more than the great liners, but you can have a pleasant time on them, especially if you are with a party. They sail from New York city. The passage takes from seven to nine days on them, I believe. You can either go to Scotland or Ireland on them.

Dalgetty.—Your question made me laugh though I ought to be angry with you. The idea of asking how to treat a girl who is in love with you, but whom you don't care for. Don't treat her at all! If you aren't careful, the first thing you know it will be your mistake and her treat, and she may treat you to a breach of promise case, young man!

Equestrian.—(1) Foot passengers have the right of way of the crossings, but not anywhere else on the street. (2) Certainly you should pull up or turn aside for a baby-carriage. You were a baby once yourself dont forget that. (3) A very pretty engagment ring is a drilled ruby, with a tiny gold arrow run through it. If you are set on a gold one, without any gem, a three coil ring, snake fashion, with either end furnished by a tiny hand, which should be clasped together in the place of setting, would be cute. You could have your name engraved on one wrist and yonr *fiancee's* on the other. Remember, it isn't altogether your say-so, what sort of ring it must be. *She* is going to wear it!

Eva.—The only cure for blackheads which I can find, which is guaranteed by a personal friend to effect a cure, is Mrs. Gervaise Graham's face bleach. It costs $1.50 a bottle. You might write to 3 King St. East for directions and wash.

H. P.—This lady would like to know where she can procure Blackman's Ink for printing on linen. Will any of my readers send the address and price to this column if they know of the preparation.

Violette.—1. Never leave your spoon in your cup at any time. It is most inelegant to do so, besides, it would be very awkward, while drinking, to have the spoon in the cup. 2. I will enquire about the book of instruction for the banjo. I don't recall the name of such a book in French. 3. You ask "how I find your letter?" Very prettily written, and the English very good, my little correspondent. I shall be pleased to get another very soon.

Housewife.—There are so many different kinds of centre pieces for lunch tables that I can scarcely select one for you. An ordinary oblong plate glass mirror laid flat, with the frame completely shrouded with pink piece silk, carelessly crinkled round it and wreaths of smilax intermingled would be plain and effective. A square of violet velvet, surrounded with smilax, dotted here and there with little bunches of violets or pansies is handsome. One elegant glass vase with violets and smilax would be good for the centre of the velvet. A group of Dresden china figures, holding the ends of the long pieces of pink and pale blue ribbons, wreathed with smilax, over which they form here and there true-lover knots all the way to the corners of the table, is very dainty. Daffodils and lilies are very effective for a yellow table.

Anxious Anna.—Any shaped hat or bonnet almost is fashionable these days, so long as the outline isn't too definite. For your small features and dark eyes I should think a rather dainty medium size would be the best. Suppose, with your pale fawn spring costume you had a pale blue velvet, with beefeater crown, forgetmenots and double strings of fawn and blue. Or you might have a fawn crepe and velvet with pale pink wild flowers, or a wreath of violets or crocuses. Be in season with your flowers as much as you can. It is so pretty.

Joujou.—You can get an elegant tailor-made suit, complete in the very latest materials, for thirty-five dollars. I saw a sweet one at Score's opening last week. It will outlast two ordinary suits, and always looks well. This price for goods and making is very reasonable here.

Spring Goods at Messrs. T. Eaton and Co's.

We have reproduced on page 199 some drawings of the latest novelties shown by Messrs. T. Eaton in their mantle and millinery departments. One very stylish summer hat is that shown in the left hand top corner of the page. It is of cream leghorn with rows of quilled ribbon under the brim, and is trimmed with pink moire ribbon and Irish point lace. The ribbons on all the hats this year are heavy and wide and the fashionable tendency is to make them even more so. The centre hat is a pleasing variation of the Tam o' Shanter shape forming the crown, with a fancy straw brim, in and out of which runs a band of the same material as the crown, cream velvet. There is a handsome stone buckle right on the centre of the crown, and the flowers are hyacinths, the tie being of wide moire. The bonnet is a dainty conception, the crown being entirely formed of magenta roses, the trimmings being French jets and loops of green velvet ribbon, the latter material also being used for the bows and ties. The hat in the bottom corner is of black chip with a fancy rim and is trimmed with pale cream crape mixed with bronze moire, the flowers being roses, while hanging rosebuds form the sides of the crown.

The show of mantles is very extensive and can hardly fail to provide a choice for even the most exacting of purchasers. The centre one is of Ladies' cloth and is very handsomely braided with beads. This is shown in all colors, but the greys and fawns look prettiest in contrast against the black bead braiding. The Reefer jacket is for summer wear and can be worn either buttoned or unbuttoned. It has a deep silk inside facing and the edge is embroidered. When worn over a blouse with cataract pleating it has a very pleasing effect. The other jacket is a black cheviot tight fitting, braided with plain black and guimp and with a mushroom collar, worn up or down. Fancy tweed cheviots with hoods and silk lined facings will be much worn this season and we saw many pretty ones, but unfortunately want of space prevents our giving a sketch of one this week.

Millinery and Mantles at Messrs. R. Walker and Sons.

On page 201 will befound some sketches made by our artist on Tuesday last at the millinery opening of the above firm. The show of mantles was especially good; over 600 styles are stocked by this firm and do credit to the good taste of their buyers, who have just returned from London and Paris. Two taking styles have been reproduced, the one in the left hand bottom corner being noticeable as a stylish mantle, which is without the high sleeves that have so long been fashionable and marks a tendency for the fashion in this respect to change. It is made in a light shade of box-cloth, plentifully trimmed with jet and lace. The jacket on the right hand side has the roll collar so much worn and may be worn as shown, or may be looped up by a single button. It is kept in all shades, but one of the prettiest is made of heavy blue Bedford cord, with light grey reveres and cuffs, the embroidery being of self-colored braid and steel.

The tea-gown shown is selected from many very handsome ones, but for delicate colors and effect one of the best we noticed. It is made in grey cashmere with steel sequin trimming and white lace, with a cream cashmere front and the Queen Elizabeth full sleeve.

It was difficult to make a selection in the millinery department, so varied are the styles this season. Moire ribbon is everywhere used for the trimming, and large ties and bows are on almost every hat. Another very pretty trimming much used is Ecru chiffon edged with fibres of ostrich feathers. The bonnet in the centre has a tan crown and is made up of yellow moire, small daisies forming the rim and a buttercup spray is placed at the side. The ties are of green moire. The left hand hat has the merit of novelty to recommend it. It is made principally of poppies, the stems of which are brought together to form the crown, the other trimming being pink moire ribbon while the ties and bows are of green velvet. The hat on the right is one of those shapes that can hardly be described in words, irregular being the only term that approaches a description. It is of fawn chip with fancy ridges, trimmed with two fawn ostrich tips, fawn and gold shot ribbon and wide ties and makes a most charming hat for young ladies.

Scorpions and Music.

Scorpions are very fond of music it seems, and are able to catch the most delicate sounds by means of two comb-like appendages under the thorax. Spiders have wonderful eyesight, but the scorpion's vision, notwithstanding his six eyes, is far from being acute. It is very difficult to catch a spider with a pair of forceps, but a scorpion can be easily captured, if no noise is made. Spiders see their prey before they are caught in the web; but the scorpion makes no movements whatever to seize flies or cockroaches until they indicate their whereabouts by movements. This being the case, it can readily be understood how easily the scorpion may be roused into motion by the vibrations of music. If a tuning-fork be sounded on a table on which there is a scorpion, he at once becomes agitated, and strikes out viciously with his sting. On being touched with the vibrating tuning-fork, he stings it, and then coils himself up, as scorpions do when hedged in. In Jamaica the negroes believe that scorpions know their name; so they never call out, "See, a scorpion," when they meet with one on the ground or wall, for fear of his escaping. They thus indirectly recognize the scorpion's delicate appreciation of sound; but if you wish to stop a scorpion in his flight, blow air on him from the mouth, and he at once coils up. Music charms a snake into silence, as many experiments in different places have proved; but the agitated contortions and writhings of the scorpions when roused by the sound of the violin only prove that they are roused by the vibrations of sound caused by music, and this would happen if they were disturbed by the discordant sounds of a penny trumpet or any other unmusical instrument.

Japanese Carvings.

Few people are aware that a great proportion of the so-called ivory carvings of Japan and China are fashioned of whale's teeth and of narwhal tusks. The latter, which are hollow nearly their entire length, are used for smaller objects, netsukes and the like. The substance is compact, hard, of a pure, clear whiteness of color, and lends itself to the most delicate effects. The tooth of the whale is richer in color, and some pieces carved in it, which I have lately seen, have been of considerable size. It is the savage sperm whale which yields, the species of ivory. The right whale has no teeth, its whalebone serving it as a substitute for them. In the beluga and other species the teeth do not develop to any size. The sperm whale is the fighter of the family, and with its lower jaw, which is the only one furnished with teeth, can do as much damage as a shark.

Thus, even the deep sea must give up its monsters to the service of art and the curiosities of collectorship. And yet there was a time when people smiled at Herman Melville's "Captain Ahab," with his peg-leg made of the polished jaw-bone of a whale, and his stool on the quarterdeck, of narwhal's tusks, like the throne of a viking of old. Long before Mellville wrote what the public was pleased to view as the extravagance of a yarning sailor's invention, an ingenious people, scarcely known except by name, had learned to put the same material to more wonderful uses than his fancy framed for it, and to fashion it into objects which are now almost beyond price.

Free Masonry in England.

That Freemasonry is still flourishing and making for benevolent and praiseworthy ends is evident from the appearance of the splendid New Hall just erected at St. John's Hill, Battersea, Clapham, in commemoration of the centenary of the Royal Masonic Institute for girls. The architecture of this handsome construction is gothic, the material being red brick, and the adjoining wing which contains the Centenary Hall is in perfect harmony with the main building. The interior, of which the above cut is a faithful representation, is singularly handsome. The ceilings are of white plaster work; the walls of pale green with a dark green dado; the floors polished oak; the wainscoting of teak wood, and there are fine galleries all round. Over the doorway the Royal Arms, artistically carved and colored are blazoned. The stained glass of the great windows is made beautiful with Masonic and other devices. The Royal Masonic Institution for girls was orginally founded in 1788 its object being to receive and educate the daughters of Freemasons of every religious denomination under the English constitution, who, from alteration of circumstances arising from the death, illness or misfortune of their fathers, are reduced to a position requiring the benefits of the Institution. The new Centenary Hall was opened last March by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

She—"Mr. Cadsby is no longer fashion editor of the *Solar System*."

He—"No; he was discharged for inebriety.'

She—"I didn't know that paper was a temperance organ."

He—"It isn't. But Cadsby put in an item saying that black caps were very much worn at hangings now."

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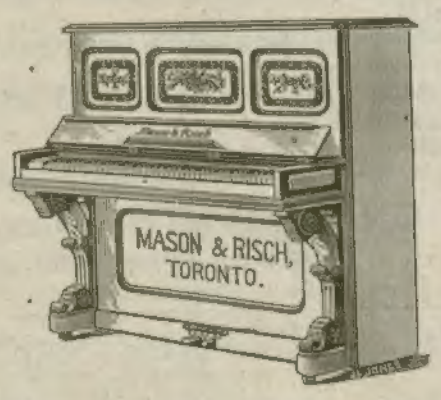

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Toronto Feb 2nd, 1892.

To Whom It May Concern:-

This is to certify that we have this day contracted with the publishers of the "Ladies' Pictorial Weekly" to ship for them two of the "Heintzman & Co's Upright Pianos, style D," valued at $350.00 each to the two successful contestants in their Prize History Competition, and have received their order for the same.

Respectfully,

Heintzman & Co
per S. L. H.

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Baptizing a Chinese Baby.

There is a pretty baby in Chinatown who enjoys the proud distinction of having been baptized in a purple velvet brocaded dress imported from Paris. Her name is Suey Mey Lau. The baptismal name, Suey Mey means crystal. She is the daughter of Tom Yin Kim Lau, a well known dealer in Chinese and Japanese curios. The little one is ten months old. Her handsome costume, although of expensive European material, was made up in the Chinese conventional style for babies, that is, with loose blouse and wide trousers.

Little Suey Mey was baptised on Sunday in the Chinese Methodist mission by the Rev. F. J. Masters, pastor of the church of which Suey Mey's parents are members. She has one sister, eight years old, who was baptised some time ago. The number of Chinese babies who have been christened in a style similar to white babies is surprisingly large.

Chinese mothers who have adopted the Christian faith carry their babies to church as early as possible, and Chinese parents often take their children with them to the communion table just as soon as the little ones are old enough to be taught. They are beautifully dressed, often in rich silks, and the infant class in the Chinese Sunday school looks literally like a convention or oriental dolls in all the colors of the rainbow.

The Alcotts' Romance.

Here is a romantic anecdote about Louisa Alcott's father and mother. As a young man, Mr. Alcott, so the story goes, was amanuensis or secretary to Mrs. Alcott's father. The two young people met often and naturally fell in love with each other. Mr. Alcott's social position and prospects being somewhat uncertain at that time, he did not feel justified in asking this well-born and talented young woman to marry him. He finally gave up his position and they parted with no confessions on either side. It was agreed, however, that each should keep a journal, and that these journals should be exchanged once in so often. Thus matters went on for some time; he, unwilling to ask so much and offer so little; she, willing to give all and chafing under a woman's necessity of keeping silent. At length, one day, while reading the journal he had sent her, she came across a few sentences in which he hinted at his love and unhappiness, and wondered at what she would say if he should ever presume to ask her hand in marriage. The moment was a critical one, but Mrs. Alcott was equal to it. Seizing a pen, quickly and clearly she wrote underneath: "Supposing you ask her and find out!" It is said that the journal is still preserved in the Alcott family.

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She Wanted it Black.

UNCLE EBONY.—"I'se done brought back dat dress your lady done guv my wife, sah, to go to de Coonville ball wid. She say it won' do."

BINGO.—"Why, what's the matter with it, Uncle?"

UNCLE EBONY.—"It's a little off color, sah. You see, she's done got to go in mournin', sah, on account ob her firs' husban'."

She Need Seek No Further.

MISS FLYPP.—"I want a husband at once handsome, accomplished, patient, enterprising and manly."

YOUNG HUNKER.—"Miss Flypp, allow me to offer myself."

ANGELINA (of Boston)—"Now, Augustus, since we're engaged to be married, I wish to inquire if you believe in the practice of osculation."

AUGUSTUS—"Well—er—not—a"——

ANGELINA—"Oh! I'm very much pleased that you do not—it's so very plebeian."

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

A misfit of a minnoot may bring mit it der sorrow of a corn for a veek.

Don'd oxclaim "I got me plaindy brains" unless you show 'em a trust deed about it.

Dot's besser you don'd told an editor how to run his sheet of paper. He pooty quick finds it out by his own self.

Inklits—"Why do you think the short story is popular?" *De Kicque* (who doesn't like fiction)—"Because it isn't long."

Not for Public Approval

YOUNG LADY (frankly). "I know you are very famous, Mr. Greatname; but although I have read a number of your articles, I did not like them one bit."

MR. GREATNAME (literary lion). "Of course you didn't like them, my dear young lady. How could you? They were not written to please the public."

YOUNG LADY. "Not written to please the public?"

MR. GREATNAME. "No, indeed. They were written to please the magazine editors."

PRIZE COMPETITON.

THE BATTLE OF _____ (?)

One of the most remarkable and terrible ever fought. The army of the general whose previous successes had terrified Europe was posted along the ascent with Hougoumont, and the general himself had taken up his stand in a farm house called the "Belle Alliance." The opposing forces were extended over an elevation in the Charleroi Road about two miles from the little village in Belgium which gave its name to the battle. Each commander was thus able to command a view of the whole field. The first general with better equipped and better drilled troops and unable to see the reserve force of the other was over confident. The second commander, supported by the brave old Prussian marshal, divided his troops into two lines and awaited the beginning of the battle. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock on Sunday the 18th of June, 1815, that the actual engagement began. The action opened with a brisk cannonade on the house and wood of Hougoumont which were held by the troops of Nassau. The contest continued here all day with terrible fury, but without being able to expel the .....who, although the building had been set on fire, maintained their post amid the flames. Frightful slaughter and great loss ensued. Terrific and resolute attacks were made by the.....cavalry on the.....centre, and at six in the evening the allied army had lost ten thousand men. Their opponents had suffered still more severely losing fifteen thousand soldiers. Then the great general on seeing the .....sweep the old guards before them exclaimed:

"All is lost for the present," and rode from the field. The battle was over.

QUESTIONS:—1st. Name the battle referred to in above description 2nd. What two nations were principally interested? 3rd. Give names of two principal commanders. 4th. Did defeated commander ever regain his position? 5th. Where did he die?

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the FIRST correct answers to the above questions and a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the next TEN correct answers received.

All correct answers are numbered and entered on our books as received.

$100.00 in Cash will be given for the correct answers to the above questions which is the MIDDLE one received during the Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received next PRECEDING the middle one, DUPLICATE prizes will be given for the ten correct answers received next FOLLOWING the middle one.

A Heintzman Upright Piano, valued at $350.00, will be given for the LAST correct answers received before the close of this Competition.

And a PRIZE valued at from TEN TO TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given for each of the ten correct answers received PRECEDING the last one.

Over $100 Given Away each Day in Special Prizes.

And the names of winners announced each day in the leading daily newspapers of Canada.

A **solid gold watch** will be given each day during this competition for the first correct answers received and opened at the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY office upon that day. A handsome rich glass Berry Bowl mounted on an elegant silver stand of the best quadruple plate, our price of which is $16.00 will be given to EACH province and state daily for the first correct answers received and opened upon that day.

EXPLANATION:—As the Publishers of the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY do not consider it advisable that the names of the winners of either of the pianos should be announced until the close of this contest, no daily prize will be awarded for the first correct answers received on THE FIRST DAY; The sender of such necessarily being the winner of the first piano.

In awarding the daily prizes the second correct answers received from the province or state, which have carried off the solid gold watch for that day will be awarded the Berry Bowl mounted on a silver stand, this is to prevent the first recived from that province or state from securing both the watch and berry bowl on that day.

AWARD OF PRIZES:—A committee consisting of a representative from each of the six Toronto daily newspapers will be invited to act in the award of the prizes at the close of this competition. One hundred dollars in cash will be paid for proof of any unfairnes or partiality in the award of the prizes.

CONDITIONS:—Answers must be accompanied by one dollar for six months TRIAL subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY which will be sent to any address in Canada or United States that contestant desires, decision will be based on the correctness of the answers rather than on the language used in answering. Answers may be mailed any time before May 15th, 1892, as the prizes are equitably divided over entire time competition is open, persons can enter at any time with an equal opportunity of securing one of the leading prizes. No corrections can be made after answers are mailed unless another six months trial subscription to the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY is enclosed with corrections. THE LADIES PICTORIAL CO. is an established and financially responsible publishing concern who offer the above prizes purely as a legitimate manner of attracting attention to their elegant sixteen page illustrated weekly. The purpose is to introduce it (on trial) into every possible home in Canada and the United States. It is intended to make each prize winner a permanent advertisement for the merits of the Weekly. Each daily prize winner must secure from amongst their circle of friends at least two new six months trial subscriptions, and every winner of a leading prize must renew their trial subscription for an entire year. By this plan we shall introduce the Weekly into at least ten thousand new homes, it is simply a business plan of increasing our circulation. Address LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY Building 192 King Street W, Toronto, Can.

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OF THE SAME OPINION STILL.

O'KOURKE.—"It's a long toime since Oi've seen yez, Moike. It's all av tin years. An' do yez remimber th' widow O'Connor an' th' beautiful scrimmige we had th' noight yez called me a liar?"

McFLUKE.—"Sure Oi do thot same, an' divel a bit hov yez changed durin' thot toime."

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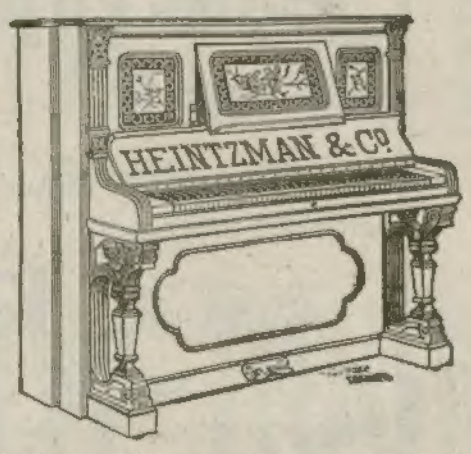

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